

THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE,

AND GENERAL REVIEW.

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LONDON:

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A merry Christmas to you all, our excellent Contributors, a right merry Christmas; such an one as used to grace the olden time; and we charge you, that when "the bumper toast goes round," you forget not us and our Magazine. For ourselves, we have vowed to dedicate a bumper of the best to every letter of the alphabet; and forasmuch as we have in our list two W.'s, three C.'s, and divers combinations of the letters, we have determined, in the exercise of our judgment, to toast you all; and if it cannot be done upon one Christmas Day, we ordain that there be two Christmas Days in the ensuing month, that every thing may be done with due attention to order, and in proper time.

Roland will not do for us. He does not seem aware of the old saying, that impudence and ignorance are nearly allied.

Aleiphron shall hear from us.

W. the Second, and T. H. K. will find letters at the Publisher's.

We do not know why Q in the Corner should ask such a question, but we have no hesitation in replying, that we do not pledge ourselves to give a Biographical Memoir in every Number; but we do pledge ourselves, that a Memoir shall not be omitted, except we can substitute a leading article of very peculiar interest and importance.

We are extremely sorry that J. A.'s lady is so unkind, but we cannot insert his "Lament." We would recommend him to send his verses to her—surely she cannot withstand such lines as these:

"Celestial virgin! bending at thy shrine,
I vow to be thy lover---only thine!
Grant me thy hand, indulgent, or I die;
Grant it, oh! grant it to my anxious cry."

The communications sent by Der Ritter Von Weg, and J. M. Lacey, shall be inserted.

Pearls of Poësy, No. 2, in our next.

We have received several communications so late in the month, that we have not time to peruse them. We will transmit our decisions to the publisher before the 10th of December.

Witness Ourselves,

JON. OLDBUCK, THE YOUNGER.

Communications (which are requested to be sent early in each month) to be addressed to the Editor, at Mr. H. DIXON'S, 19, Carey Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields.

The "Literary and Commercial Advertiser" is particularly recommended to the notice of our Advertising friends.

BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIR

OF

THE RIGHT HONORABLE ROBERT PEEL.

" Turn him to any cause of policy,
The Gordian knot of it he will unloose
Familiar as his garter."

SHAKSPEARE.

FOLLOWING up the intention expressed in our last number, we have selected for the subject of our present memoir, a gentleman, of whom England may, indeed, well feel proud; one who, although not as yet advanced beyond the time of life at which many men merely begin to live, has already conferred infinite obligations upon his country, and given a glorious earnest of the benefits we may expect from his continued exertions. Mr. Peel cannot boast of being what is usually termed a man of family—the name he bears has never been immortalized by heroic achievements, or commanding wisdom—he cannot trace his descent from any powerful barbarian; but he has the far prouder satisfaction of knowing, that he has himself achieved a distinction which a long ancestry could never have secured for him, had he been wanting in the wisdom, firmness, and knowledge, which the high situation he now fills pre-eminently demands. The grandfather of Mr. Peel was a respectable yeoman, resident at Peel-Cross, in the county of Lancaster, at which place his ancestor had resided for several generations,—a fact which is evidenced by its bearing their family name. Robert Peel, of Peel-Cross, had seven sons and one daughter. Robert, his eldest son, was born at Blackburn, in Lancashire, on the 25th of April, 1750, and is said to have been employed, together with several of his brothers, in Arkwright's manufactory at that place. In 1773, he engaged in a cotton manufactory at Bury, in Lancashire, in conjunction with Mr. William Yates, whose daughter, Ellen, he married in July, 1783. The business in which he was thus jointly concerned was so pre-eminently successful, that in the course of fourteen years, he purchased a large estate in Lancashire, and subsequently Drayton Manor in Staffordshire. At Tamworth, in the latter county, he erected some very extensive cotton works; and in 1790, was returned to Parliament for that borough, after a contest with the powerful family of the Townshends. Some idea of the importance to which this most successful manufacturer rose in the course of a few years, may be formed from the fact, that 15,000 persons were at one time employed in his establishments. In his politics, he always distinguished himself as a strenuous supporter of Mr. Pitt; and in times of national distress, came forward most generously in support of order and good government; in the year 1797, when the country was called upon for voluntary contributions

to resist a threatened invasion, this gentleman and his partners subscribed the sum of 10,000/. On the 29th of November, 1801, he was created a baronet; and until within the last few years, continued to sit in Parliament; but he has now, we believe, altogether retired from public life, leaving behind him a noble representative in his eldest son, Robert, the subject of our present memoir.

Robert Peel was born at Bury, in Lancashire, on the 6th of Feb. 1788. He completed his education at Christchurch, Oxford, and whilst at that College, distinguished himself so much by his studious and diligent habits, that he came to be nicknamed throughout the University, as "The immortal Peel."

Immediately after quitting the University in 1809, he was returned to Parliament for Cashel, and made his maiden speech upon seconding the address on the opening of the session in 1810. He afterwards, in the same session, defended Ministers upon the question of the Walcheren expedition, and fully justified the expectations which his friends had entertained of his capacity for public speaking.

The effect of these speeches, and of the statesman-like demeanour of the youthful politician, became very early visible, in his appointment as Under Secretary of State to Lord Liverpool in the War and Colonial Department, in the summer of 1810.

In 1812, he proceeded to Ireland as Chief Secretary for that kingdom; and in the General Election in that year, was returned to Parliament for Chippenham. In 1817, the promotion of Sir Vicary Gibbs to the Bench, occasioned a vacancy in the representation of the University of Oxford; when Mr. Peel resigned the office of Secretary of State for Ireland, and was returned as the representative of that learned body, and has continued to represent them up to the present time.

In 1822, upon the retirement of Lord Sidmouth, he was appointed Secretary of State for the Home Department,—which office he now fills. Mr. Peel was married on the 8th of June, 1820, to Julia, youngest daughter of General Sir John Floyd, and has issue a son and heir, born the 4th of May, 1822.

In the administration of the important duties of his official situation, Mr. Peel is strictly and sedulously active; he himself attends to the maintenance of regularity, and the dispatch of business, in a manner highly deserving of eulogium. Few men have indeed ever discharged their official duties more to their own credit, or the satisfaction of the public, than Mr. Peel, accessible as he is to every one, and most kindly regardful of whatever business his attention is solicited to. In private life, he is distinguished by the same pleasing manners, and is in a very high degree respected by all who have the pleasure of his intimacy.

As a public speaker, Mr. Peel is distinguished by clearness of statement, and the plain and easy manner in which he unravels difficult and intimate subjects. In matters of business, no one interests the House of Commons, or secures their attention, better than he does; for although he has not the brilliancy of Canning, or

the caustic satire of Brougham, there is a clearness of arrangement—a calm, argumentative, and sometimes eloquent, manner about him, which are extremely effective. His voice is by some considered rather unpleasant, but not sufficiently so to produce any material effect.

But it is not merely by attention to his official duties, or his oratory in the House of Commons, that Mr. Peel is honorably distinguished; his exertions in the public cause are of a nature far more important, and richly merit higher praise than our poor pen can bestow. We, of course, refer to his Jury Bill, and his reform of the criminal law.

That a great book is a great evil, is a truth which the wisdom of ages has sanctioned; but more especially is the evil great and apparent, if the book refers to matters of general importance—if it is the guide of conduct, or the rule of action. This remark is particularly applicable to a code of laws. That which every one is bound to obey, ought to be simple, plain, and easy; and the subject has just cause of complaint, in exact proportion as the law varies from either of these particulars.

Perhaps no book can be imagined more singularly deficient in all these requisites than our own Statute Book, composed as it is of laws written in three different languages, and continually increasing in bulk from the time of Henry III. to the present day. Many of the provisions of statutes yet remaining unrepealed, are wholly unintelligible to any, save the laborious legal antiquary; nay, many of the provisions of the far-famed Magna Charta can with difficulty be understood at all. References are continually made to customs which have long become obsolete to practises now unused—to offences which the change of manners and the variation of circumstances have rendered impossible. The great alterations which have occurred in our language, have in some instances rendered the meaning of the early statutes very uncertain and perplexing; even those passed in more modern times, are couched in language often extremely difficult to be understood, and contain enactments sometimes contradictory. "It is believed," said Dames Barrington, in the year 1766, "that few lawyers or historians have perused the Statute Book in a regular course of reading;" and we are sure that the remark is more likely to be true at the present day, when the statutes have multiplied beyond all expectation, and more laws are made in one session, than used formerly to be enacted in the course of a long reign. "The Statutes at Large," as they are seen ranged in long rows upon the shelves of lawyers, defy all study, and have become essentially books of reference only, instead of being, what they ought to be, books of practice. But even if viewed in this light, they are extremely defective: the heterogeneous mixture of matters in one Act of Parliament—the immense extent to which the statutes have increased—the want of references to former statutes, in some degree similar to more modern ones—these, and many other causes, operate to render the Statute Book, even to lawyers, one of the very worst to look into with a view of searching for the law upon any

particular point; persons who have not been bred to the law, seldom think of referring to a book which is regarded, and will justly continue to be so as long as it remains in its present state, with a sort of pious horror. The necessity of a revision and compression of the laws, has often occupied the attention of learned men; and many plans have been from time to time proposed for the purpose of effecting this desirable object, but entirely without success. Lord Bacon gave his earnest attention to the subject, and submitted to James I. a proposal for the amendment of the laws of England—but nothing was ever carried into effect in consequence of it. Several committees also of the House of Commons have at various times been engaged in this task:—one in the year 1666, of which Finch, afterwards Lord Nottingham, was chairman; one about 1750, of which Sir William Young was chairman; and one as late as 1796, under the presidency of the present Lord Colchester. But all these inquiries have been fruitless—the magnitude of the task, the want of a settled plan, and various other reasons, have contributed to render abortive all attempts to remedy an evil, which every year became more excessive. The truth is, that although the necessity of a revision has been perceived by many, and although many have proposed that a revision should take place, no *one man* was ever found to attempt the Herculean labour—every one sheltered himself under the greatness, the importance, of the undertaking, and no one was willing himself to grapple with the difficulty. For this reason, it was never conquered; the vastness of the undertaking rendered it impossible to be achieved, except by one man alone—it was as unreasonable to set a committee of the House of Commons to perform it, as it would have been to have entrusted to them the task of composing an epic poem. It is a work of time, and labor, and study, depending upon the comparison of printed documents, and an intimate knowledge of all the minutest details of the subjects to which they refer, and such a work is entirely unsuitable to a body of men so various and so fluctuating as a committee must necessarily be.

The subject of our present memoir is the first person who has ever taken upon himself the vast and difficult undertaking; and as far as he has proceeded, it is universally admitted by men of all professions, ranks, and parties in the state, that he has been pre-eminently successful. When first he promulgated his intentions, it was considered somewhat presumptuous in one not bred a lawyer, to undertake a task for which many supposed he must therefore of necessity be incompetent; but experience has fully shown the fallacy of this opinion. The statements, we will not call them clear and plain, but luminous statements, which he has from time to time submitted to the House upon these subjects—his intimate acquaintance not only with the law, but with the history of the enactments, and all other collateral circumstances tending to explain his views and support his measures, have convinced the most bigotted that our country has at last obtained a Senator not only willing, but in the highest degree competent, to complete the stupendous task.

Mr. Peel has proceeded entirely upon the plan of Lord Bacon,

and his objects are, First, to rid the Statute Book of all those laws which were adapted to a state of society no longer existing. Second, to repeal "all statutes which are sleeping, and not of use, but yet snaring and in force." Third, "to mitigate the grievousness of the penalty, although the ordinance stand;" and, Fourth, "to reduce concurrent statutes into one clear and uniform law." In Mr. Peel's two celebrated bills, one passed in 1825, "for consolidating and amending the laws relating to Juries," and the other passed in 1826, "for improving the administration of Criminal Justice," the effect of the application of these principles is apparent. In the first act, *sixty-six*, and in the second, *thirty-one*, former Acts of Parliament are compressed, and either wholly or in part repealed. In both these Acts of Parliament, there are also a variety of new provisions introduced, all of the very highest importance, and tending towards substantial justice. In the Jury Bill there are various important regulations as to the mode of selecting special juries, which are directed to be chosen by ballot; and many other new enactments, which it does not come within the scope of our publication to particularize. Nor can we enumerate the new clauses in the act of 1826, which is still more important than the Jury Bill; the most striking alterations of the old law, are those which tend to relax the technical strictness which has hitherto been maintained in criminal proceedings. The excess to which this strictness has been carried, has long been a cause of surprise to foreigners, and formed a ground of censure against our laws; but Mr. Peel's provisions will in a great degree remove the difficulty complained of. Adherence to mere matters of form, which in criminal proceedings especially was considered of vital importance, has now ceased to be so in many cases which used to afford loop-holes through which the guilty too often, as Lord Hale declared, escaped, "to the reproach of the law, to the shame of the Government, to the encouragement of villainy, and to the dishonor of God."

Mr. Peel has also done great service to the administration of the law, by other judicious enactments, especially that which gave a check to the scandalous practice of delay arising by means of groundless Writs of Error. Much, however, still remains to be done; the practice of the law is in some respects many centuries behind the civilization at which every thing else has arrived. Relics of customs as ancient as the times of the Saxons—customs founded upon reasons which have long ceased to operate, still remain. One of these was pointed out in our last number, page 27, and many others as ridiculous may be easily referred to. What, for instance, can be more farcical than those legal gentlemen, John Doe and Richard Roe, the pledges to prosecute? or what more iniquitous than the expensive conveyances by fine and recovery, which are, in fact, nothing more than an authorized mode of evading a statute? If it is advantageous that the statute should be evaded—that is, not acted upon, it would be far better that it should be repealed, rather than a practice of evasion sanctioned, which is in itself most absurd, founded upon a fiction which outrages common sense, and entails upon parties a most

intolerable expense. Indeed, it does not appear clear to us that there can be good reason assigned for the toleration of any one of the old legal fictions. The action of ejectment is uselessly absurd. Mr. Peel is yet a young man, and it is to be hoped, that the energies of his strong and vigorous mind will continue to be earnestly bent upon the great object to which his attention has been directed. The thanks of his fellow-countrymen, the praise of posterity, and an immortality for himself, are the rich rewards he will obtain. He, with a modesty which does him credit, admits upon all proper occasions, that much of his present importance in society, is owing to successful manufacture, and the improvement of machinery; but they who come after him, will then have the far prouder boast of being descended from the man who remoulded the constitution of his country, added vigor to the administration of her laws, and purged them of much of that dross which adheres to the very best of man's productions. No fame can be more glorious—more brilliant; no actions can be more widely, more extensively useful. The poet's glory, or the warrior's fame, weighs lightly in the scale against the more lasting splendor that waits upon the meritorious lawgiver. The productions of the one, may add to the happiness of the refined—the deeds of the other, may conduce to the temporary welfare of a people—but the framer of a just code of laws, ensures the comfort and security of all classes of society, promotes the permanent interests of mankind, and builds for himself a monument more lasting than brass.

In general politics, Mr. Peel is a consistent supporter of the Pitt principles of the present administration. Upon the Catholic Question, it is well known that he is decidedly hostile to what is termed emancipation; indeed, he may be considered the leader of the Anti-Catholics in the House of Commons; "but," forcibly remarks a supporter of Catholic Emancipation, "I must admit, he is a candid, liberal, honest, and therefore formidable, opponent."

Besides the strict attention to the ordinary duties of his office, which we have before noticed, Mr. Peel has, we understand, given a considerable portion of his time and talents to the prosecution of the inquiry which is at present going on into the documents preserved in the State Paper Office,—an inquiry likely to throw great light upon various points of our history. Mr. Peel is, we believe, an honorary D. C. L., and on the 16th of November, being the first meeting of the Society of Antiquaries for the present session, he was admitted a Fellow of that Society. Of the general estimation in which he is held by the public at large, it is perhaps needless to say a word; were any proof necessary, it would be sufficient to refer to the choice of his younger brother, Major Peel, as Member for Norwich at the late general election. The family of the Peels have no interest or connection whatever in Norwich, and the election can only be regarded, and was intended, as a testimony of the approbation with which the citizens of Norwich regard the public conduct of his brother.—William Yates Peel, the second son of Sir Robert Peel, has sat for Tamworth in three Parliaments.

THE LITERATURE OF ENGLAND,

FROM THE TIME OF THE DRUIDS, TO THE PRESENT CENTURY.

No. I.

It is difficult to ascertain the nature and extent of the learning of the Druids, though there is no reason to doubt their having possessed various kinds of literature and philosophy in an eminent degree, considering the period in which they lived. As they studiously concealed their principles and opinions from all the world, but the members of their own society, neither the Greeks nor the Romans could obtain a perfect and certain knowledge of their systems either of religion or philosophy: and on this account we find few remains of them in the works of the ancients. Besides which, they strictly observed the law which forbade them to commit any of doctrines to writing*; and therefore, when the living repositories of these doctrines were destroyed, they were irrecoverably lost, not having been preserved in any written monuments. Some few scattered fragments, however, may still be collected. It appears that physiology or natural philosophy was the favorite study of the Druids, both in Gaul and Britain. Strabo has preserved one of the physiological opinions of the Druids concerning the universe, viz. that it was never entirely to be destroyed or annihilated, but was to undergo a succession of great changes and revolutions, which were to be produced, sometimes by the power and predominancy of water and sometimes by fire.

Astronomy seems to have been one of the chief studies of the Druids, and accordingly Cæsar says, that they had many disquisitions concerning the heavenly bodies and their motions, in which they instructed their disciples; and Mela also observes, that they professed to have great knowledge of the motions of the heavens and of the stars. This last author suggests that they were pretenders to the knowledge of astrology, or the art of discovering future events and the secrets of Providence, from the motions and aspects of the heavenly bodies; for he expressly says, that they pretended to discover the counsels and designs of the gods. The Druids, besides the inducements which led them, in common with others, to the study of astronomy, namely, in order to enable them to measure time, to mark the duration of the different seasons, and thus to regulate the operations of the husbandman, to direct the course of the mariner, and to subserve many other purposes in civil life; had other motives peculiar to themselves, as they would thus be able to fix the times and regular returns of their religious solemnities, of which they had the sole direction; some of which were annual, others monthly. This kind of knowledge was the more necessary, as these solemnities were attended by persons from very different and distant countries, who were all to meet at one place on the same day, so that they must have had some rule for discovering the annual return of that day.

* Cæs. de Bell. Gall. liber vi. cap. 13.

As the Druids applied themselves to the study of philosophy and astronomy, we cannot doubt their having possessed some degree of acquaintance with arithmetic and geometry. In this respect the want of written rules could be no great disadvantage to them, as the precepts of this, as well as of the other sciences, were couched in verse, which would be easily committed to memory and retained. Both Cæsar and Mela plainly intimate that the Druids were conversant in the sublime speculations of geometry---“in measuring the magnitude of the earth, and even of the world.” They also appear to have been well skilled in geography, in botany, and in medicine.

The noble art of rhetoric, which enabled them to display their wisdom and learning, and which contributed to the support and advancement of their reputation, was diligently studied and taught by the Druids of Britain. Among their deities was one named Ogmius, signifying, in their language, the power of eloquence, who was worshipped by them with great devotion, as the Patron of Orators, and the God of Eloquence. He was painted as an old man, surrounded by a great multitude of people, with slender chains reaching from his tongue to their ears. Lucian, expressing his surprise at this picture, received from a Druid the following explanation of it: “You will cease to be surprised when I tell you, that we make Hercules (whom we call Ogmius) the God of Eloquence, contrary to the Greeks, who give that honor to Mercury, who is so far inferior to him in strength. We represent him as an old man, because eloquence never shews itself so lively and strong as in the mouths of old people. The relation which the ear has to the tongue, justifies the picture of the old man, who holds so many people fast by the tongue. Neither do we think it any affront to Hercules, to have his tongue bored; since, to tell you all in one word, it was that which made him succeed in every thing, and that it was by his eloquence that he subdued the hearts of all men*.”

Before the invasion of the Romans, the ancient Britons had among them various schools and seminaries of learning, which were wholly under the direction of the Druids; to whose care the education of youth was altogether committed. These Druidical academies were very much crowded with students, as many of the youths of Gaul came over to finish their education in this island. The students, as well as the teachers, were exempted from military services and from taxes, and enjoyed many other privileges, which much served to increase their number. Their academies were situated in the deepest recesses of woods and forests; partly because such situations were best adapted to study and contemplation; and principally because they were most suitable to that profound secrecy, with which they instructed their pupils, and kept their doctrines from the knowledge of others. In these seminaries, the professors delivered all their lectures to their pupils in verse; and a Druidical course of education, comprehending the whole circle of the sciences that were then taught, is said to have consisted of about twenty thousand verses, and to have

* Lucian in *Hercule Gallico*.

lasted in some cases twenty years. The scholars were not allowed to commit any of these verses to writing, but were obliged to get them all by heart. When the youth were first admitted into these academies, they were obliged to take an oath of secrecy, in which they solemnly swore that they would never reveal the mysteries which they should there learn.

It is not our intention to detail the causes of the decline and extinction of the Druids; they are faithfully recorded in history, and familiar to the generality of readers. Among those who finally established the dominion of the Romans in Britain, was Julius Agricola, who was advanced to the government A.D. 78. He was considered one of the greatest characters in the history of those times, and was the first of the Roman governors of this island who gave any considerable attention to learning. He attempted to humanize the fierceness of those who acknowledged his power, by introducing the Roman laws, habits, manners, and learning. With this view, he persuaded the youth of Britain to learn the Latin language, and to apply to the study of Roman eloquence. These persuasions were successful; and the British youth being deprived of their former instructors by the destruction and expulsion of the Druids, put themselves under those teachers who were provided for them by the Romans.

Though the names of some learned men who flourished in the third, fourth, and fifth centuries are preserved, they offer little whereby to ascertain the progress of literature during those periods. Upon the invasion of Britain by the Romans, they instructed and improved those whom they had subdued. The Saxons, who are represented as a very cruel nation, acted a very different part, and their destructive progress was marked by darkness and desolation. All the libraries left by the Romans in this island were destroyed by the ravages of war.

GILDAS*.—British Literature faintly dawned in the time of Gildas the historian, and he is the only British author of the sixth century whose works are published. He was of such repute among his countrymen, that his works obtained him the title of Gildas the Wise. His chief work is "*Epistola de Excidio Britanniae et Castigatione Ordinis Ecclesiastici*," containing lamentations over the miseries and almost total ruin of his countrymen, and very severe reproofs of the corruption and profligacy of manners, in which all ranks were sharers, and of which he drew a most alarming picture. Gildas wrote several "letters," of which there are numerous fragments in an old collection of canons preserved in the manuscripts in the Cottonian Library.

T. H. K.

* Gildas, the most ancient British author now extant, was born in the year 520. He followed the profession of the Church, and is supposed to have retired to the Abbey of Bangor, where he died in the year 590.

THE WORLD.

“ Quicquid agunt homines.”

WHEN we stand upon the sea shore, we mark the gathering waters rise into a wave; we see it increase in size, and roll with violence towards the shore; of a sudden it sinks, and the particles of which it was composed disperse and form parts of other masses equally short-lived and insubstantial. Just such are the events of human life. A novelty occurs—conversation is engrossed—the newspapers are filled—for a few days you would imagine its duration would be for ever; but whilst you speak, another shadow has risen in its place, and that which before was the all-important is gone—is lost—is forgotten. This brief history comprehends nearly all the occurrences in the world; a new play, a debate, a drawing room, or a sermon; a birth, or a death. Yes, even a death; the loss of one with whom we had conversed perhaps only a few days before; one whose voice yet lingers in our ears, whose image has scarcely passed from our eyes—the loss of such an one is for the most part merely the wonder of a moment. We drop a tear in his grave, and then—pass on and forget; or if we do not entirely forget, it is because memory will, in spite of ourselves, retain some scattered fragments of the past. A few weeks since, and Talma was the talk of every society—his birth—his life—his death, were the themes of general conversation—the attraction of every periodical, but now the cloud has passed, and others have succeeded, whose passage attracts the attention of the world. In our last we noticed the death of this celebrated actor, adding what all the world on this side the channel then believed to be the fact, that he was an Englishman, and promising to give some few particulars of his life, but it is not our intention to enter into all the detail which has appeared in the newspapers. He was born, it now appears, in France, in the year 1766, and at an early age brought over to this country, in which he resided for many years; during his stay, he acquired a perfect knowledge of the English language, and entertained some thoughts of making his appearance at a London theatre; but family affairs caused him to return to Paris, and he there made his first public appearance on the stage, on the 27th of Nov. 1787. On the retirement of Larive, Talma succeeded to the first tragic characters, and used his influence at the theatre and with the public, to introduce upon the stage correctness of costume, and simplicity of diction. He succeeded in the attempt, and has for many years maintained unrivalled possession of the tragic throne. His life was simple and unostentatious; and although caressed and flattered by Buonaparte, he retained throughout life a very modest and commendable deportment. In religion he is said to have been a Protestant, or rather he was not a Catholic. On his death-bed, he

refused admittance to the Archbishop of Paris, and a few moments before his dissolution, said, in a low weak voice, "Voltaire! Voltaire! like Voltaire!" He died on the 19th of October last, in the 61st year of his age. The circumstances of his death occasioned much scandal amongst the religious part of the community, but his funeral was attended by an immense number of persons. No religious ceremony was performed, but some speeches were made at the grave, with the tenor of which it may not unreasonably be imagined Talma himself would not have been well pleased. Of the circumstances of his death, and the disputed question of his infidelity, there has been much talk; but after all that can be said, these things are much better left to be settled each man with his own conscience. Whoever endeavours to make proselytes to his own mode of belief, challenges observation and inquiry; but the man who walks through life entertaining his own peculiar opinions, neither promulgating them, nor seeking to shake the belief of others, ought to be allowed to pass out of life as he pleases. We are too apt to condemn each other's belief, not recollecting that many of the points in dispute between the various religious sects, are in fact matters of human opinion—not revealed by God, but merely the deductions of argument from things which are revealed. Upon such points it is impossible that men can agree; and they who dare to condemn others who cannot believe what their own easy faith gives credit to, know little of the true spirit of Christianity. The Roman Catholic anathematizes the Protestant; the Lutheran condemns the Calvinist; all these denounce the Unitarian, and join their voices against the Jew. Can this be right? Is it consistent with the spirit of Christianity, or with the humble teaching of Him whose name Catholic, Protestant, Lutheran, and Calvinist all assume? Did he denounce any religion—any mode of worship? No: his "woes" are directed against the evil-doer, against the hypocrite, against the man who pretended to be religious, but in whose heart lurked pride, vain-glory, and a conceit of his own superiority. Would to God that men who profess and call themselves Christians, would follow his example.

Since the death of Talma, the world has been chiefly occupied with the visits of Mr. Canning and Sir Walter Scott to Paris; the Greek loan; and the opening of the British Parliament. The two former of these events were indeed of little general interest; but they served for materials of conversation, and were therefore nursed into importance by those caterers for public talk, the newspapers. Mr. Canning, it appears, after some punctilious scruples, had the honor of dining with the King of France—wondrous condescension! a man great by birth, permitting a man great by genius, to sit at table with him:—we wonder he was not afraid to put *his* own insignificance to the test. The Royal Family of France have had some severe lessons, but even experience does not seem to teach them wisdom.—The visit of Sir Walter Scott, it is said, was connected with his Life of Napoleon; the Parisians received him with enthu-

siasm.—Of the Greek loan we will not permit ourselves to speak in detail; a more infamous, disgraceful proceeding never came before the public. It is curious to find that some of those who were concerned in it, still make long speeches, and pretend to patriotism, and a kind concern for the nation's purse! T. B.

THE CROSS OF THE SOUTH.

PERHAPS there is no circumstance which more forcibly reminds an European traveller, when in the southern hemisphere, that he is at an immense distance from his native country, than the extraordinary alteration which he finds in the appearance of the heavens, as surveyed upon a starlight night. Above him, are constellations of unparalleled beauty and brilliancy; but they are not those which he has been accustomed to contemplate. He can no longer observe the bright and glittering groups, which every country of the north designates by some familiar name, the stars which may be termed their own; they have all passed away, and in their stead are others perhaps more bright and more brilliant, but not those with which the eye of an European has been familiar, and therefore not so welcome to his sight. I remember, during the course of my voyage, when I first crossed the Equator, I used nightly to watch the stars which from my own home I had been accustomed to survey; I considered them as friends—I had learnt to designate them in my childhood, and those friends I had left behind could even then observe them as well as myself. I looked upon them as links, which in a manner connected me with home. They gradually sank near to the horizon—night by night I saw them less and less, until at length I looked for them in vain. They had disappeared, and then not only the air, but even the firmament of heaven convinced me, that an immense distance separated me from the country of my birth. The southern celestial hemisphere is extremely dissimilar to the northern, not only in the grouping of the stars, but in its whole character. With us there is scarcely a portion of the firmament that is not studded thickly with stars, but in the southern hemisphere, there are large tracts or spaces of extreme blackness, in which no star appears. These black, unlighted spaces give a very peculiar and novel appearance to the brilliant constellations, whose effect is aided by the darkness. Amongst the southern constellations, no one is more beautiful than that called the Cross of the South, known to all the readers of St. Pierre's Paul and Virginia. When I first saw it, we were in about latitude 13; the weather had been cloudy for several nights, but just before sunset, the sky brightened, and the full beauty of the firmament was visible all night. When the Cross is first seen, it is strongly inverted, but it gradually rises in the firmament, until it becomes quite erect. Two stars of extreme brilliancy form the top and bottom of the Cross, and these having the same right ascension,

the Cross is vertical when it passes the meridian ; so that the time of night may always be told by noticing whether it inclines or not. The natives of the south frequently refer to it for this purpose, and amongst the Catholics, its holy form renders it an object of peculiar veneration. Most of our crew had seen it in former voyages, and it was a curious, and by no means unpleasant, sight to witness the joy with which they hailed its re-appearance, as if it were indeed an old friend. One man who had been bred a Catholic, immediately fell upon his knees, and muttered an ejaculation, at the same time devoutly crossing himself ; and several others imitated his example, not indeed from religion, but rather it appeared to me as if their stubborn hearts were overcome by the solemn stillness and beauty of the scene around them, and the pure feeling which such sights and such a recognition were calculated to inspire.

NAUTA.

TO ADA.

1.

Oh ! spurn not the heart that I gave thee,
Nor think it is worthless and vain ;
That heart still would perish to save thee,
Though cast to the bleak world again.
I felt thy young heart wildly beating,
And thought it could beat but for me ;
That vision was lovely—yet fleeting,
As all that is lovely must be.

2.

I dreamt not thy vows were deceiving,
Nor false the pure light of thine eyes ;
My soul was still firm in believing,
And treasur'd thy tenderest sighs.
Oh ! who, when thy spell was around him
(By each fonder incident blest)
Could think it was destin'd to wound him,
And plant this despair in his breast.

3.

Then, spurn not the heart that I gave thee,
Nor deem it unworthy thy love ;
That heart still would perish to save thee ;
(Too firm, too devoted, to rove)
And thou, who in youth's sunny hour
First taught it, each feeling of bliss
Receive, at the shrine of thy power,
The pledge of the soul-breathing kiss.

C.

IS HE MARRIED? A SKETCH.

"WHAT?" I exclaimed, stirring the fire to make a blaze, for I had not ordered candles, "Is it possible? With Mr. and Mrs. Charles Thomson's compliments---Charles Thomson married! married! poor fellow!" I hastily obtained a candle, opened the packet, and found in it a piece of bridal cake with a few words, written in a small female hand, informing me that "Mr. and Mrs. Charles Thomson" would be ready to receive visitors on a certain day. I was perfectly astonished. Charles Thomson married! I should sooner have expected a snow at Midsummer. Married! we were upon terms of the greatest intimacy; we have dined together, day by day, for several years past; and yet I never even suspected that he was in love. When I last saw him he told me that he was about to visit Tunbridge Wells on business. And then to whom is he married? Every body knows Charles Thomson; he is to be seen in every book-shop and at every book-stall and book-auction in London. His days are spent in public libraries, and his nights, for the most part, in his study. For himself he is the meekest, mildest, most unobtrusive and modest fellow in existence, he never can speak to a woman without blushing; and as for wooing, pshaw! the thing is impossible! He must have courted by deputy, and have been married by proxy. I could not understand it; and when I went out of doors the annoyance was still greater. I was continually met by such questions as "pray, who is Mrs. Charles Thomson?" "Who would have thought Charles Thomson would have married? I never was so astonished as when I heard of it: who is she?" "I don't know." "Nonsense! impossible!" "It is true," said I surlily, and walked on.

Time, however, passed away as it was wont to do, and the period approached at which the happy couple were expected to return to town. But a few mornings before that day arrived I was astonished by the usual sudden and abrupt entrance of my old friend Charles into my parlor. "X," said he, "how d'you do?" I paused a moment regarding my old friend, whose looks were full of trouble and anxiety, and then kindly inquired "My dear Charles how are you, how---" I hesitated, I would have enquired "how is Mrs. Thomson," but the words would not come forth, and I closed the sentence with "when did you return to town?"

"Only last night; what an unlucky affair this is."

"Ah!" said I, "I was dismally surprised to hear of it. How came you to be led into it?"

"Oh, Lord, I don't know; we are all of us overtaken at times, and I really thought I was doing a kindness."

"A kindness!" echoed I, "yes, but at a very serious expense. Why didn't you talk to me about it?"

"Oh! I had a sort of presentiment that I should repent it, and I thought you would only laugh at me. But what can I do?"

"What can you do! Why, I suppose, you have already done every thing that can be done; there is no getting out of it now."

"I am afraid not, but I must change my mode of living."

"Ah, that you must; you must give up your old literary pursuits, and attend closely to your profession, and all our comfortable dinners at ---"

"Ah, those are all at an end."

"But did you get no money at all?" enquired I.

"Not a sixpence," was the answer, "it was purely a matter of accommodation."

"An accommodation! why, zounds man! how could you be such a fool?"

"Oh! I was taken by surprise at an evil moment. But, 'egad it will be a lesson to me. I suppose I must sell Harbour Court!"

"Nay, I hope it's not so bad as that---"

"Indeed, but it is; where think you am I to get 500l.?"

"500l.! Why, what are you thinking about?"

"Thinking about," replied Charles, "why about Sillery's bills," producing at the same time a newspaper with the announcement of his bankruptcy---"What else should I think about?"

"Ha! ha! ha!" cried I, laughing at the equivoque, "and I have been talking about your marriage."

"Marriage! nonsense! what could put that into your head?"

"My dear fellow!" exclaimed I; "satisfy me that you are not married, and I will make you easy about Sillery's bills. His bankruptcy has been superseded, and I have money in my hands to pay your acceptances."

I then produced my bride cake and its envelope---all turned out to be a hoax---we still have our old literary dinners, and Charles Thomson is *not* married.

THE OFFICE OF LORD CHANCELLOR.

ITS ORIGIN AND ANCIENT DUTIES.

"The Lord Chancellor is a greate personage, of eminent place, the office and jurisdiction manifold, and of great antiquitie; the office being in esse in the time of King Edmund and Edward the Confessor, which was before the Conqueror, as may be proved."

LANSDOWN MS. No. 163, p. 159.

IN the opinion of some persons, amongst whom Sir Edward Coke may be mentioned*, the word Chancellor, or Cancellarius, is derived "a cancellando," from cancelling the King's letters patent when granted contrary to law, which is the highest point of the Chancellor's jurisdiction. Others have conjectured that it is derived from Cancelli, or the bars formerly placed cross-wise before the Judges, in order to keep back the people who crowded around him when seated to administer justice. Lambard† endeavours to reconcile these derivations, or rather to compress them into one, and says, with a good deal of ingenuity, "our French word Chancelier is fetched from Latin Cancellarius, and that from Cancelli, and all these framed out of the Greek, which signifies properly to make lattises, grates, or cross-bars, to enclose anything withal, and metaphorically to bound and contain anything within certain bars and limits. And out of these two significations, two principal parts of his office do issue. For after the similitude of those cross-bars or lattises, he is said to cancel, deface, or make void a record, because his vacat thereof is done by drawing certain cross-lines, lattise-wise, with his pen over it, whereby it is so inclosed and shut up, that from thenceforth no exemplification thereof may be given abroad. And likewise in his Court of Equity, he doth (when the case requireth) so cancel and shut up the rigour of the general law, that it shall not break forth to the hurt of some singular case and person." We shall not endeavour to decide between these rival etymologies, but content ourselves with remarking, that the Chancellor was not possessed of the equitable jurisdiction referred to in the latter part of the above extract from Lambard, until many centuries after the introduction of the title into this country, and therefore his title cannot have been derived from any supposed exercise of that restraining power.

Amongst the Anglo-Saxons, the duties of the Chancellor appear to have been—to make known to the King the petitions of supplicants, and communicate to them his answers; and also, to write and supervise all charters, writs, and other written documents that received the King's sanction. . . Such an officer constitutes a sort of medium between the prince and the people, and is absolutely necessary in every government not purely patriarchal. Accordingly, traces of it may be found from the earliest periods of our history; and, as might

* 4 Inst. 88.

† Archeion, 46.

be expected at a time when all learning was engrossed by the clergy, it was usually filled by some priest in attendance upon the King. Perhaps, at first, no particular priest was appointed; but as the increase of population, and the gradual advance towards civilization, occasioned business to increase, it was found expedient to appoint some one priest who might be always ready to perform the duties of the office. Even then the present title was not adopted, for we can trace the existence of the office some time before we find any mention of a Chancellor. In 605, A. D., Ethelbert, King of Kent, founded the church of St. Peter and St. Paul at Canterbury; and the charter which evidences its endowment, is witnessed amongst others by Augemundus, who is styled, "Referendarius*." Selden has conjectured that this word "Referendarius," is of the same import as "Chancellor;" and some probability is given to this opinion by the language of another charter of the same King Ethelbert, which he states he had directed to be committed to writing by Augemundus, the priest, and to this latter charter "Augemundus, Referendarius," is also a witness. The duties of the Referendarius in the Court of the Eastern Empire, were similar to those which were afterwards exercised by the Chancellor with us†.

The above two are the only instances we have found of the employment of the title "Referendarius," but the office can be clearly traced. Many of the charters in the eighth century, and in the beginning of the ninth, are witnessed by some "Presbyter," or "Scriba domini regis," who declares that the instrument was written by him at the King's instance§. These shew the existence of the Chancellorship under other names; (as far as our lack of information will permit us to judge) and some argument that they do so, may be drawn from the fact, that from the time when we first hear of the Chancellor, the appellations "Presbyter," "Scriba," &c. are not to be found.

The first mention of a Chancellor in this country that we have found, is in Matthew Paris, who speaks of the preferment to a Bishopric of Unwona, Chancellor of Offa, King of the Mercians||; the time of this occurrence is not very precisely marked, but it must have been about the commencement of the ninth century. The authenticity of this instance may perhaps be rather doubtful, but we have the better authority of Ingulphus¶ for stating Turketulus to have been Chancellor to Edward the Elder, who began his reign A. D. 901. Wolsinus was Chancellor to Athelstan; and Matthew Paris reports that Alfricus, eleventh Abbot of St. Albans, was at one time Chancellor to Ethelred the Unready, who commenced his reign A. D. 978**. We learn also, that the same King Ethelred divided the office of Chancellor between the Abbots of Ely, of St. Augustine in Canterbury, and of Glastonbury, who were to exercise it by turns for four months

* Dugdale Monas. p. 23. Dug. Off. Chanc.

† Dugdale Monas. p. 24.

§ Spelman vocè Cancel.

¶ 1 Gale, 36.

‡ Ducange vocè Referend.

|| Mat. Paris vità Offic. sec. 22.

** Vitæ St. Albani Abbat. p. 43.

at a time*. The reason of this division is not stated, but some such arrangement seems to have been adopted about this time amongst all the royal servants. In Alfred's time, the attendants upon his person were required to be present at Court every third month; the two intervening months they were at liberty to remain at home to attend to their own affairs†.

However humble the duties of the office were at its first institution, and I believe them to have been purely ministerial, we soon find that they increased in importance, and were therefore entrusted to persons of talent and dignity. Attendance upon the person of the King, and communication with him on the subject of his charters, no doubt afforded to ambitious priests many opportunities of aggrandizing themselves and their profession, which few would let pass unimproved. The general want of learning threw the office into the hands of Churchmen; and the spirit, which we are accustomed to consider was predominant in the clerical profession at that time, would prompt them to take advantage of the lucky circumstance. Little learning was at first necessary to render a person eligible for the office, but even that little was a distinction of great moment amongst our Anglo-Saxon ancestors, and doubtless laid the foundation of that gradual increase of importance which we find accruing to the Chancellor in every succeeding age. In the beginning of the eighth century, this officer was a humble *Presbyter* or *Scriba*, who wrote as he was commanded. In the following century we find an Abbot in possession of the office, and learn that a Chancellor was promoted to a Bishopric. The mere servant had then become the adviser of his master: and in the year 946, Turketulus, who was considered a man of great piety and profound genius, was appointed Chancellor, in order that all things which were referred to the decision of the King, might be determined by his counsel and opinion‡. In the year 1066, we find the Chancellor ranking immediately after the bishops and abbots§. A few years afterwards, the Bishop of London was Chancellor, and from that time the office has usually been in the hands either of a dignified clergyman, or some other man of weight and importance. At the present day, "amongst Right Honorables, the Chancellor is the chief, as one whose excellent virtue ought to be preferred before all other officers." Segar on Honor, i. 236.

Previous to the Conquest, there accrued an addition to the duties of the Chancellor, which demands our notice—I mean the custody of the King's Seal. The time of the first introduction of the custom of appending seals to written instruments, is involved in some degree of obscurity. Upon the authority of a passage in Ingulphus, many point it out as one of the innovations for which we are indebted to the Normans, but there is no doubt that seals were employed in the time of Edward the Confessor; and a paper, lately communicated to the Society of Antiquarians, by Hudson Gurney, Esq. seems to

* 2 Gale, 501.

† 3 Gale, 256.

‡ 1 Gale, 36.

§ Spelman você Cancel.

prove that they were in use about two centuries before. It is altogether unnecessary for us to enter into the dispute upon this subject, as the facts upon both sides are well known: and it would be in some degree foreign to our present purpose, which is merely to remark, that from the first, we find the duty of sealing the King's writs, charters, &c. to have fallen, as was probable would be the case, upon the Chancellor or officer who was intrusted to prepare them. Thus the charter granted by Edward the Confessor to the Abbey of St. Peter, Westminster, is subscribed amongst others, "Ego Rembaldus Regis Cancellarius relegi et sigillavi."

For many years the seal seems to have continued an unquestionable appendage to the Chancellor's office; but in process of time, the pecuniary necessities of some monarchs, and the tyranny of others, gave rise to the unconstitutional practice of granting the custody of the seal to a person who was not Chancellor. During the reigns of Stephen and John, we find several recorded instances of the higher legal offices having been disposed of for sums of money. Thus in Stephen's reign, Richard Fitz-Alured gave 15 merks of silver to be permitted to sit with Ralph Basset at the King's Pleas*: and in the 7th of John, Walter de Grey gave the King 5000 merks for a grant of the office of Chancellor for his life†. It cannot surprise us that at this time, when venality had risen to so inordinate a height, that "the Judges' holy office" was publicly trafficked for, the seal was first taken from its accustomed keeper, and furnished by its sale an additional source of profit. Indeed, we have pretty good evidence that such was the case, for we find that in the 5th of Stephen, Geoffrey, the Chancellor, purchased the custody of the seal at the price of £3006. 13s. 4d. Madox, in his *Hist. Excheq.* i. p. 62, says, he understands this to be a fine then lately made with the King for the office of Chancellor, or to have the keeping of the King's Seal; but the words of the entry on the Roll, "Et idem Cancellarius debet £3006. 13s. 4d. pro sigillo," seem to warrant the supposition that Geoffrey, being Chancellor, purchased, for that sum, the custody of the seal. At any event, it is certain that about this time we find the first trace of the existence of the office of Sigillifer, or Keeper of the Seal. Another reason for the disjunction of the Chancery, and the custody of the seal, at that time, may be inferred from the circumstances under which the Chancellor was appointed. Invested with that dignity, not upon account of his wisdom, but his wealth; chosen for the office, not because he was fitting to perform its duties, but willing to pay for the enjoyment of its profits—he cannot be supposed to have had any other objects than the aggrandizement of his emoluments, or the increase of his power; and whilst the former would prompt him to affix the seal to whatever a weak or vicious Prince suggested, the attainment of the latter might often induce him to oppose the will of his Sovereign.

* Madox *Hist. Excheq.* 62, who cites *Mag. Rot.* 5. *Steph. Rot.* ii. a *Buckinghamscira*.

† *Spelman* vocē Cancell.

History furnishes an instance of this in the case of Ralph de Neville, Bishop of Chichester, who was created Chancellor in the 11th of Henry III., but had not the custody of the seal until the 16th of the same reign*. Some years afterwards we find Henry, in a fit of passion, demanded the seal from him; but the Chancellor refused to deliver it up, and actually kept it for a long time afterwards. In the 22nd year of Henry's reign, we find, however, that the seal was taken from him by the King's command, in consequence of a dispute relative to the Chancellor's election to the See of Winchester, in contradiction to the declared wish of the King†. Nothing could be more detrimental to the interests of justice than such indecent squabbles as these; but, nevertheless, instances occur continually of the seal being lodged in other hands than those of the Chancellor. In fact, the offices became separate about that time, and have continued so to the present day. For many years past, it has been the practice to commit the custody of the seal to the Lord Chancellor, who thereby becomes Lord Keeper also; but the offices are distinct, and are recognized to be so by the stat. 5th of Elizabeth, cap. 18, which declares them to be of equal power, authority, and jurisdiction. Blackstone states (Comment. vol. iii. p. 47), that "when seals came in use, the Chancellor *had always* the custody of the King's Great Seal, so that the office of *Chancellor, or* Lord Keeper, is with us, at this day, created by the mere delivery of the King's Great Seal into his custody." If, by the first part of this quotation, Blackstone wished it to be inferred that Chancellors have invariably had the custody of the Great Seal, he is certainly mistaken. Many instances, besides those quoted, are to be found in Spelman and Madox, of persons, who were not Chancellors, having the custody of the King's Seal at times when there were Chancellors; but, indeed, the existence of such an officer as Sigillifer, or Keeper of the Seal, sufficiently proves the fact. The other part of the sentence is founded upon a passage in Lambard, in which it appears to us the two offices have been confounded. They are, however, clearly distinguishable; the person to whom the seal is delivered is Lord Keeper, but it does not thence follow that he is Lord Chancellor.

Another of the ancient duties of the Chancellor was, to attend at the Exchequer as one of the Barons of that Court.

The business of the Exchequer was anciently transacted by a Treasurer, and certain Barons, who attended there for the purpose of receiving the accounts of the King's debtors—enforcing payment of their debts, or making them such allowances as were just. The Barons were not, as at the present day, lawyers by profession, as appears from the stat. 1, 14th of Edward III. cap. 16, by which a writ of *nisi prius* was allowed to be granted "devant le Chief Baron del Eschequer, *sil soit homme de ley*," clearly intimating that he was not always "a man of law."

There are many instances‡, down to the 2nd of Richard I., of the

* Madox, Excheq. 1, 43.

† Mat. Paris, 472. Mat. West.

‡ Madox Excheq. 1, 206, 207.

Chancellor sitting at the Exchequer, and transacting business there, and making allowances to the King's debtors in the same manner as the other Barons. We find also an entry on a roll cited by Madox (Excheq. 1, 206), of the date of 5th of Stephen, wherein an allowance is made to the Chancellor for his livery, for the forty-three days in which he did not attend at the Exchequer, "together with *the other Barons.*"

We have not found any reason assigned for the discontinuance of the Chancellor's attendance at the Exchequer, but are inclined to think he was succeeded there by a Chancellor specially appointed for that particular court—an officer with whom we are well acquainted at the present day. We have before observed, that no entry is to be found from which the Chancellor's attendance at the Exchequer may be inferred after the 2nd of Richard I.; he may have attended afterwards, but we can discover no trace of it. In the 18th of Henry III. a new officer was appointed at the Exchequer, to whom no name is assigned, but whose duties appear to have been to check the accounts of the Treasurer*. This officer is conjectured by Madox to be the same we now term the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and we conceive he is correct, not only because we find no mention of the Chancellor of the Exchequer before that time, and do shortly afterwards, but also because the duties of the office agree with those of the Chancellor, who is to this day "Chancellor and *Under Treasurer* of his Majesty's Exchequer." We may also state, that, from this time, mention is made of a particular seal for the Exchequer, which was placed in the custody of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and has continued with him to the present time.

All these circumstances seem to prove pretty clearly, that when the King's Chancellor left off sitting at the Exchequer, he was succeeded by a person specially appointed to exercise those duties which he had before exercised, and who was, therefore, very properly called "The Chancellor of the Exchequer."

The Court of Equity, in which the Lord Chancellor now presides, in order to moderate the strict rules of the common law, and which is (according to the author of "Observations on the Office of Lord Chancellor, 1651," attributed to Lord Ellesmere) "the refuge of the poor and afflicted—the altar and sanctuary of such as against the might of rich men, and the countenance of great men, cannot maintain the goodness of their cause and the truth of their title," had its rise in the reign of Richard II.; but as this is fully treated of by Blackstone, and other legal writers, we abstain from any remarks upon that subject.

Of the Chancellor's officers there is little notice during the early ages. The only instance we have found, previous to the Conquest, is in the before-mentioned charter to St. Peter's, Westminster, in 1066, amongst the signatures to which there is "Ego Alfgeatus notarius advicem Rembaldi Regiæ dignitatis Cancellarii hoc privilegium scripsi et subscripsi." This I take to be the same officer who is

* Madox, Excheq. 2, 51.

afterwards termed Vice-Chancellor, and the Chancellor's "Lieutenant*," and whose duty it was to fill the place of the Chancellor in his absence.

Madox classes with these the Sigillifer, or Keeper of the Seal†; but, for the reasons before stated, we look upon him to have been the rival of the Chancellor, rather than his officer—at present, by the stat. 5th of Elizabeth before referred to, he is the Chancellor's equal.

Fleta‡ mentions the Clerks, or, as they are now termed, the Masters in Chancery, persons learned in the law, who were associated with the Chancellors, at a time when they were not lawyers, to assist in the administration of justice: the chief of these is the Master of the Rolls. We also find mention of them in the stat. 5, 18th of Edward III., where they are expressly termed "Meisters."

JON. OLDBUCK, JUN.

THE EXCHANGE.

Love and Death o' th' way once meeting,
 Having past a friendly greeting,
 Sleep their weary eye-lids closing,
 Lay they down themselves reposing.
 Love, whom divers cares molested,
 Could not sleep, but whilst Death rested;
 All in haste, away he posts him,
 But his haste too dearly costs him.
 For it chanced that going to sleeping,
 Both had given their darts in keeping
 Unto Night; who, Error's mother,
 Blindly knowing not one from t'other,
 Gave Love Death's, and ne'er perceiv'd it,
 Whilst as blindly Love receiv'd it.
 Since which time their darts confounding,
 Love now kills, instead of wounding.
 Death, our hearts with sweetness filling,
 Gently wounds, instead of killing.

FLECKNOE.

CONTENT.

Who covets still, or he that lives in fear,
 As much delight is wealth unto his mind,
 As music is to him that cannot hear,
 Or pleasant shows and pictures to the blind;
 Then sweet Content oft likes the mean estate,
 Which is exempt and free from fear and hate.

GEOFFRY WHITNEY.

* Stat. de libert. perquirendis, 27, Ed. 1.

† Madox, Excheq. 1. 77—8.

‡ Lib. 2, cap. 13.

ENGLISH WRITERS AND FOREIGN CRITICISM.

NATIONAL partialities and national prejudices in the human mind, are, perhaps, among the most amiable weaknesses of our nature. We term the feeling to which we allude, a *weakness*, because it establishes, or endeavours to establish, exclusively, a species of favoritism among particular portions of the human race---a sentiment which, if it be traced home, consists in little else than a bias of preference which is in its turn founded on early and arbitrary feeling, perhaps more than on an abstract principle of justice,---by which we mean, that justice is not exactly awarded, when judgment is somewhat inclined to view with *favoritism* those productions of the intellect which emanate respectively from the soil on which we have our birth. That we are accustomed, however, to look with a sort of kindred fondness upon our native literature, is, as premised, so far from calling forth vituperation, or the language of censure, that it forms not even the subject of regret. The disposition (and most civilized nations who have a literature, possess it) is essentially connected with sentiments which rank high in moral character;---it imparts worth to the individual, and bespeaks a mind from which flows much that we admire in the kinder sympathies of the human heart. But, although originating in the enthusiasm of a national preference, and often fostered by a patriotic warmth of feeling, it is apt to run into an excess which cannot so well be justified in the more sober judgment of an intelligent foreigner. The English have much of this feeling,---that is, their nationality of character pervades their literature; and that warmth of feeling with which they are disposed to applaud things which essentially emanate from their own soil, easily disposes them to a bias which partakes more of enthusiasm, than a cool judgment, founded in the abstract nature of things, would perhaps always warrant. The Scotch and the Irish have their local prejudices; but the grand complexionalty of their style and sentiment is so blended and amalgamated with our own, that the distinctive cast of this literary feeling is scarcely visible. In Spain and Italy this feeling of preference is frequently manifested. Their Lope de Vega and Calderon, their Dante and Tasso, and Ariosto, (all doubtless powerful writers in their respective walks of literature) with them, receive their apotheosis before the Milton and Shakspeare of a more northern climate. In Germany, if we may believe their native critics, sentiment and pathos have received an impress of sublimity and intenseness not to be found elsewhere,---their Schiller, their Goethe, and their Klopstock, (if indeed it be permitted to name the last with the two former) are eulogized as models in their styles of writing. The French are in no degree behind their neighbours, but their constitutional egotism, if we may so call it, is perhaps mixed up with a greater portion of vanity than is apparent in any nation around them. The universality of their language, and indeed of their literature, give them a priority throughout the continent of modern Europe, and in the estimation of foreigners, place France high in the scale of general importance. This circumstance naturally combines with their proverbial self-complacency in producing a conviction, that theirs, beyond every other, is the language of sentiment and the graces; and that the stars which have brightened in the galaxy of their literary hemisphere, have exceeded in brilliance those which have illumined all foreign soils. Thus, Des Cartes for a long period took precedence of all other philosophers,---his sagacity in discovering, his fertility of genius, and his profoundness and ingenuity

in explaining truths before unknown, caused him to be ranked at the head of those philosophers, who first elicited light in Europe, and imparted a new impulse to the human mind. Thus, Corneille and Racine are vaunted as the highest geniuses, who, in modern times, have thrown open the secret receptacles of the human heart, and exhibited Passion in her highest characters of dignity and pathos. We, however, on this side of the water, have perpetually combatted these pretensions to precedency. Rivals in arts and in intellect, as in most other matters connected with life, we contest with them the empire of letters and philosophy. Bacon, our countrymen allege, anticipated Des Cartes in the accelerated impulse which he gave to human discovery; while Locke and Newton established and explained the principles by which Matter and Mind are regulated on a grander and more accurate scale than either the founder of the Cartesian School, or Father Malebranche.

It must be owned, however, that Voltaire, whose reputation in almost all the avenues of polite literature has exceeded, perhaps, that of every other individual who has adventured on so many different subjects, and whose critical award was long viewed as oracular amongst his own countrymen, has, in his celebrated work on the English Nation, often evinced an impartiality of judgment, and an intelligence of thinking, which are at once worthy of remark and eulogium. Amongst many impertinences, and some exceptionable morality, he has, in this work, perhaps above all his other prose compositions, given more than singular instances of a depth of thought and accuracy of sentiment, which we little expect to find in the productions of Ferney. Concerning his superficiality of judgment, and illiberal attacks upon Shakspeare, whose genius he wanted taste and discernment to appreciate, much has already been said;---his feeble and pointless thrusts have been sufficiently parried by the very accomplished Mrs. Montague. But if the patriarch of French literature has merely exposed his own superficiality of taste, even in the eyes of intelligent foreigners, by endeavouring to shake the unmoveable basis upon which the fame of Shakspeare stands, it must be owned that, on most other occasions, where works of genius matured on his own soil, are brought into juxta-position with the prominent stars which glitter in profusion above the English hemisphere, he shews an impartial wish to do justice to our native talent. On one occasion, he gratuitously concedes more than a fair and liberal individual of another nation would even have asked, when he denounced Rabelais with a severity which certainly ill comports with the extravagant plaudits which the French sometimes bestow on him, deprecating him as one whose ribaldry is far more conspicuous than his wit. He remarks, "Whoever sets up for a commentator of smart sayings and repartees, is himself a blockhead." "This is the reason," proceeds Voltaire, "why the work of the ingenious Dean Swift, who has been called the English Rabelais, will never be well understood in France." This gentleman, in common with Rabelais, laughs at every thing; but in my opinion, the title of "The English Rabelais," which is given to the Dean, is highly derogatory to his genius. The former has interspersed his unaccountably fantastic and unintelligible book with the most gay strokes of humour; but there is in it, at the same time, a greater proportion of impertinence. The smut and insipid railery to be found in his book, is vastly disproportioned to his erudition. An agreeable tale of two pages is purchased at the expense of whole volumes of nonsense. Indeed, there are but few persons, and those of a grotesque taste, who pretend to understand and to esteem this work; for as to the rest of the nation, they laugh at his pleasantries, and despise his book." Voltaire, however, agrees with all other critics in French litera-

ture, in endeavouring to place the Tragedians of France before all others. The "Athalie," the "Cid," and the "Cinna," are, we are told, at the head of human compositions for the stage; but Moliere, however excellent in his walk, has had his rivals; whilst in considering our drama, several of the most licentious of our Dramatists in Comedy, have had lavished upon them encomiums which no critic of intelligence on this side the water would be willing to confirm. To say nothing of Congreve, the brilliancy of whose wit as far transcends almost every competitor in the language, as the melancholy fact of the general profligacy of his characters and dialogue does the golden rule in morals of propriety and decency---what can we think when we find the compositions of Wycherly and Vanbrugh lauded as models of wit, taste, and sentiment?---Verily, if the dramatic delineations of both these gentlemen are, in truth, faithful copies of the manners of their period, we are constrained to think the records not worth perpetuating; whereas, if they are chiefly the imaginative dress of their author's fancy, posterity might with advantage have been spared the painful picture. But, in parting with Voltaire's book on the English Nation, it must in candour be admitted to that gentleman, that, on the one hand, his criticisms, in the main, betray a moderation and temper, and, on the other, a judgment and intelligence, not always found in a foreigner whilst reviewing our manners and literature. We may even, perhaps, find an excuse for the terms in which he has noticed Wycherly and Vanbrugh, from his imperfect idea of the allusions with which their dialogue is constantly besprinkled. He himself adds on this subject, "in Tragedy, the subject of which is only exalted passion, Oedipus and Electra may with as much propriety be treated of by the Spaniards, the English, or Us, as by the Greeks; but in the other department of the drama, the delicacy of the humour, the allusion, the *à propos*, are lost to a foreigner. True Comedy is the speaking picture of the follies and ridiculous foibles of a nation; so that he only is able to judge of the painting, who is perfectly acquainted with the people it represents."

It was just now said, that the English inherited from nature, kindred sympathies and partialities for the indigenous productions of their own soil. Some color, indeed, may be alleged for this feeling, when it is recollected how many names of great and commanding influence in the realms of literature and of science, men of powerful talent and enlightened views, have occurred in our annals. But it has often been the fashion to adopt a certain school in speculative science, or a certain peculiar sentiment in morals, poetry, or general literature, and to lavish profuse panegyrics merely upon the writers who favored our own sentiments. However natural and warrantable a feeling it be in each respective nation to dwell with enthusiasm and complacency on the exhibitions of its own native talent, as possessing qualities of a surpassing kind, an excess of this feeling, it is obvious, should be guarded against. It may otherwise chance that common-place sentiments and talent of mere mediocrity, provided they develop features harmonizing and amalgamating with the predilections of the times, are lauded as uncommon productions of genius. It may be said on this subject, that the sententious carplings of critics and moralizers are, in this age of the world, become hackneyed. The triteness of a position in letters, like an axiom in mathematics, cannot render it less true. And if the most eminent philosophers---if the most admired poets of antiquity, wrote and spoke with a prospective regard to the opinions which posterity might probably entertain of their compositions, the feeling was entitled to respect. Anxious that their thoughts should pass current with those who were not of their own age or nation, they aspired after fame amongst those whom

distance of time and place was most likely to constitute rigid and impartial judges. Foreigners and remote posterity, divested at once of all prejudices and all interested motives, are, in truth, perhaps the most sober and accurate discerners of real merit,---those who are most calculated to separate in the crucible of their judgments the sterling ore, which neither age nor circumstance can alloy from the glittering metal, which, although currently received, and even sought for with avidity at certain periods, is not of that permanent standard which will pass sterling in every age. The caprice of fashion and of taste, and the mutability of human opinion, have not unfrequently proved the rocks upon which literary performances, which once enjoyed the sunshine of popular favor, and even no inconsiderable share of encomium from the award of judicious criticism, have suffered shipwreck. "Nature and Passion," says an eminent critic, (Dr. J. Warton) "are eternal; but the style and dress of language, like the outward costume of promiscuous society, are mutable and transitory." It was also remarked by a philosopher of far higher antiquity, (the venerable Theophrastus) that the forms and fashions of this world pass away, and are succeeded by others as fleeting, and as vain, like the restless waves upon the sea-shore, which chase the unnumbered pebbles in endless and evanescent succession.

The man of genius, whose productions will be read and admired in every age, whose panegyric will form the theme of discourse amongst nations who speak a different language, and vegetate under a different climate, must copy nature in the expression of his sentiments, and must speak a language in this expression, whose tone, propriety, and elevation, shall redeem it from mediocrity, and give it the impress of corresponding dignity. His passion and his sentiment must reach the heart, in nations, whose manners, whose language, and whose time of existence, are alike remote from his own; his thoughts must bear the stamp of original and mature reflection, in order successfully to triumph over the idiomatic obscurities of a foreign language through which they may be contemplated.

But in modern times, things are somewhat altered; and these considerations are far from actuating the majority of writers. Emulous of cotemporary fame---aspiring after distinction which is of that tangible and solid kind, which dispenses its gifts while the individual is capable of enjoying them, the great proportion of those who make it a profession, often impart a hue and bias to society, whilst, on the other hand, they may also be said to imbibe its predilections, and echo the tone of its opinions. The admirable art of printing has thrown its myriads into the arena of letters, the tension of whose minds would never, it is probable, in periods that are past, have emboldened them to enter as candidates for public honors. The periodical censors, and the numerous offspring, legitimate and illegitimate, which issue in shoals of quarterly, monthly, weekly, and even daily, (for the daily prints often allege their pretensions in the scale) and which cater to the public appetite, are not always instruments for pruning and guiding it. On the contrary, when the great mass of literary society is nauseated with impertinence or false sentiment, (a circumstance which must be supposed sometimes to happen, where the avenues or the approaches to literature are so immensely facilitated) favoritism, and a thousand nameless and viewless motives, will operate to uphold a system, or a particular school of authorship. Certain individuals have the meed of unsparing eulogium assigned to them, whose performances certainly partake neither of the wisdom of Cicero, the admirable beauty of Virgil, the nervous sublimity of Milton, nor the commanding and lofty eloquence of Burke or of Johnson; but whose rank in society, whose

pre-arranged opinions, whose particular standing in literature, or whose politics, (for, as it has been most pertinently observed by that graceful descendant of the Addisonian school, Washington Irving, an Englishman never sees any good in a man whose politics he dislikes) happen to awaken a latent interest in the literary censor,

The names which, of late years, have occupied a prominent and first-rate place of celebrity in English literature, are, as every body knows, those of Byron and Scott. The genius which, in those two gifted individuals, was instrumental in attaining them that eminence which has been contemplated at an enviable distance by the minor stars of our Parnassus, has been always received as an indisputable axiom among their countrymen. The impartial student, whilst he with candour acknowledges, that the various beauties in thought and sentiments, which abundantly characterize the works of the first, entitle him to high estimation, cannot be regardless of the imagination and versatility of talent which play round the name of the second. But there is, besides the adulatory and the just incense offered by the partial and impartial censors who fill the ranks of their own countrymen, a tribunal of Foreign Criticism, which will, in matters of learning and taste, give an award, and their judgment will not pass absolutely unnoticed by a prudent inquirer. In one of the later volumes of Genlis's *Memoirs* we read, somewhat, it must be owned, with sentiments of surprise, the following critique upon the writings of the two eminent individuals above noticed.

"The literary works that have been most successful in England for the last two or three years, have been the novels of Scott, and the poems of Lord Byron. As to the former," says this self-constituted successor to Voltaire in the chair of criticism, "I find in them neither imagination, real interest, or eloquent passages; and in other respects, I confess these novels appear to me to be tiresome. With respect to the poems of Lord Byron, they certainly contain some fine poetical passages, but they want plan, and the fictions are more singular than ingenious. We feel that the author reasons without feeling, and speaks of love and friendship without real sensibility. He is almost always false, since he is never religious, moral, or even imbued with the feelings and sentiments of humanity. An odious misanthropy reigns in all his poems, which springs not from the vehement indignation of virtue against vice, but from the satiety of a heart corrupted, worn out, withered by debauchery, and a life full of excess and disorder." "Such at least," proceeds the Countess of Genlis, "is the idea one forms on reading his works; but by this character I pretend not to impugn the personal character of the author, which it is possible may be free from blame, and that his works are merely the unfortunate fruits of a peevish and morbid disposition. It is certain that no works preserve a lofty and desirable reputation, but those by the perusal of which the heart and mind are elevated; now these produce nothing of the kind, but, on the contrary, leave dark and melancholy ideas behind, and a painful and disagreeable impression. Their reputation," concludes our critic, "will soon pass away."

Our noticing in detail these opinions, proceeds not from a conviction that Madame de Genlis has, in the present criticism, uttered the language of truth; we are convinced, on the contrary, that several of her positions are false, proceeding, it is probable, from the difficulty a foreigner has in apprehending the beauties of our language. But the passage is worthy of remark, as shewing the ideas of certainly an intelligent and a gifted foreigner upon the subject.

The poetical works of Lord Byron, as they stood not much in need of her panegyric, will not, perhaps, on the whole, lose much in reputation

from the exceptions or the inuendoes of her ladyship. With regard, however, to her allegation that the fictions of Lord Byron are more singular than ingenious, and that he is not imbued with the feelings and sentiments of humanity, there are many of his lordship's productions which justify the opinion,—“*Manfred*,” “*Cain*,” and “*Don Juan*”—although the two first display several most beautiful and sublime apostrophes, and all we shall say of the latter at present is, that we are sorry to be obliged to enumerate it amongst the works of its noble author, may in the aggregate abundantly afford grounds for charging him with being of a singular and eccentric turn of genius. With more pretension (and it is with regret we are compelled to admit that the humiliating fact must be invariably coupled with a review of his lordship's poems,) is it alleged, that a gloomy misanthropy often pervades his writings, fatal sometimes to the pleasing elevation which the scope and weight of his thoughts would otherwise secure, in a very high degree. Many of the writings of this gifted nobleman, (and the remark peculiarly applies to his “*Childe Harold*,” the noblest, and the most intellectual, of all his productions,) are of that abstract, thoughtful, and philosophic character, that the desponding sentiments of his mind sometimes, (like evil suggestions, from one whose speculations have occasionally been introduced in his lordship's page,) predominate, and, in the general complexion which they throw over his narrative, interweave the morbid misanthropy of a heart soured with discontent, with passages whose impassioned beauty and well-drawn imagery must sometimes strike the mind of the reader as amongst the most felicitous efforts of poetry.

In high reaching sublimity the muse of Byron sits throned on a pinnacle, which looks down upon the performances of other cotemporary poets as to a point considerably beneath it. As a rock which towers proudly above that ocean, from which, in his “*Harold*,” he draws some of his most beautiful similitudes, his name stands alone amidst his numerous compeers, who circle in their various but humbler spheres of literary glory: and who, without aspiring to bear away the palm, are content to share the more measured immunities which their countrymen have to bestow. His imaginings are not those of an ordinary writer, but the bold fictions, sometimes of frenzied fancy, or the illustrations of fact, delineated in characters of strength and vividness which would strike few other minds besides his own. In those poems where the energies of his mind chiefly appear, (for to *some only* of his writings will these observations apply) he searches for recondite aspects of his subject, and imparts to them a natural significancy. He places the persons or things he treats of in new points of view; he avails himself of “ancient story” to adorn his facts with a profusion of new thoughts and ideas, the offspring essentially of his own mind, like a philosopher, who, despising the hackneyed gossip of the multitude, thinks for himself, and draws his own inferences respecting the causes of the natural phenomena about him. It is impossible to read many of the passages of “*Harold*,” “*Manfred*,” or “*Cain*,” without adopting opinions somewhat similar to those here expressed.—Scene 2, Act II., Scene 3, Act III., and Scene 4, Act III., in “*Manfred*,” many speculations in Scene 2, Act II., in “*Cain*,” and some half dozen stanzas concluding the last canto of “*Harold*,” are of a character wild, daring, and grand in a degree, to set competition at utter defiance, and establish a claim of equality with the most celebrated composition of the masters of the “olden time” in English poetry.

We have, however, admitted that there existed considerable color for the critique of the Countess of Genlis. That restless perturbation of soul, which, where his lordship breathes his own sentiments, is perpetually

depicting the recesses of a heart, lowering with clouds, and sickening with disappointment, are well calculated to impress a foreigner with disparaging sentiments. In the metaphorical language of poetry, this present life has often been represented as a cheat and a bubble : but his lordship has depicted the world as a vast charnel-house, an inhospitable desert, where "hope never comes," the permanent abodes of inquietude and sorrow, the lone solitudes or the gloomy regions described by Milton, or Dante. In the lax morality breathed throughout his writings ; and if we find it not there, from what source are his followers to gather it ? no consolatory medium of hope, which may alleviate the present lot, is superinduced ; the fleeting portion of this life, however infelicitous, is all that exists ; when the spirit, essentially mortal, struggles through that, it sinks to utter annihilation. It is not much a source of wonder, that from a school imbued with such opinions, emanated a code of ethics of the most exceptionable characters, as ethics have been recognized by the best and wisest of mankind. The injury therefore to society at large, arising from such doctrines, broadly avowed, is far from imaginary ; ought it not rather to be assumed to be as great as has been deprecated by the numerous remonstrants who have predicted these evils ? But the noble author who has incurred the lash of the Countess of Genlis, is no more : we shall not arraign him at our tribunal, further than seems imperative on us whilst viewing the complexion and tendency of his works.

With regard to the "Great *known* Unknown," as he has been called, doubtless his novels and "his name will pass for as much as they are worth," amongst posterity. It is not here intended to hazard a criticism upon these novels, celebrated as they are on our own shores : but certainly Madame de Genlis must have read under the influence of strange aberrations of mind, if she could find in them "neither imagination, real interest, or eloquent passages." A reader of ordinary attention, even in a foreign language, will doubtless find very many instances of these literary requisites ; but the different members of this indefinitely large "family," are unequal in their claims to be enrolled in the annals of their country's literature. Some pervading features of resemblance in style and thinking, run through the whole *classification*, (if the term be not improper,) and proclaim their common origin ; otherwise the tame monotony which swells the dialogue to a wearisome length in the volumes of several of them, is not much calculated to secure that immortality which his admirers predict. Enough remains, however, to establish his pretensions to a very distinguished rank as a novelist, notwithstanding the levelling exceptions of French critics. But the unlimited panegyrics which have been sometimes heaped upon the productions of the "Author of Waverley," want discrimination and propriety, and, when measured by the standard which constitutes high eminence in literature, will weigh as little with the thoughtful observer, as the particular suffrage of Madame de Genlis.

Whilst contemplating the eminence which the author of these novels has attained amongst his own countrymen, in the present age, we naturally revert to the period of a few years since, when, as a poet, he occupied, or seemed to occupy, in the public mind, as high a ground as he has since seized upon in the magic regions of Fable and Romance. The "Author of Waverley," is an epithet which now forms the ultimatum of his distinction ; it is not too much to assume, that a portion of juvenile society scarcely know him by any other designation ; the fame of the poet may be said to have merged in the fame of his later achievements. We were once told, however, or rather we could gather from the encomiums of his friends, that the laurelled wreath hung thickly about his brows, and

budded with honors, not only above his cotemporaries, but many other great names in English poetry. A Reviewer in one of the quarterly publications, some ten or twelve years since, gravely told his readers, (or Sir Walter himself) that "he was ready to allow him imagination and genius beyond almost any other English poet, Shakspeare himself not excepted." Indeed! this is striking at high game; but this sapient critic did not condescend to tell us whether he was to be understood as speaking of his description of border feuds, knight-errant adventures, or love-sick damsels; or of that genius whose pervading universality few, if any, besides the illustrious Bard of Avon, ever possessed in the same degree,---a standard of genius which constituted him great upon the great subject of mankind.

The author of "Marmion" drew in his train the talents of the most eminent professors of arts. The achievements of Heath, Warren, Engleheart, and Westall, decorated his page,---the finest specimens of the typographer have embellished the productions of his pen,---the comparative and personal merits of his rival chieftains have formed current topics of discussion in the drawing-rooms of the fashionable and the wealthy; while the destinies of the lovely or the luckless heroine of his tale have drawn sympathy from the humbler tea-table coterie of the tradesman. But sic transit-----; within the lapse of a few years, the semi-barbarian adventures of these brigands, their martial prowess, and their mortal hate,---topics which, as delineated by this distinguished author, fill a space of an equal extent with the *Æneid*, the *Lusiad*, and the *Paradise Lost*, slumber peacefully in their gorgeous bindings upon our shelves: or if removed from the company with which they once associated, at least form an elegant appendage of my lady's boudoir. Sir Walter Scott's poems appeared at a period most felicitous for their author, when the spirit of the times was essentially warlike. Opportunely for the fame of the poet, the tremendous contest which we so long sustained with imperial France, was not then terminated; love, and mortal combat, and the clangor of martial parade and equipments, from the peculiar circumstances of the nation, carried an interest with them through the pages of these poems; which, although destitute of many essentials in poetry, drew very general attention. As there is a fashion in praise as well as in censure, their merits filled the "speaking trump of fame" for their term of popularity,---the public admired, and the critics recognizing the award of promiscuous society, confirmed it by the voice of oracular authority.

To say there are not passages of pathos and beauty in so many volumes of epic narrative which have passed a distinguished ordeal, would be to advance a paradox. But the "wild slogans" of the clansmen, the moated turret, and their mailed inmates, "sheathed in complete steel," with the predatory incursions of the moss trooper, objects upon which his verse dwells with not much either of dignity or variety, have silently withdrawn many of their claims, and will doubtless find their proper level in a future age.

The narrative in Scott's poetry is often protracted with little incident, or at any event with little incident of that interest and importance which can powerfully enchain the attention of an intelligent reader. We know not, indeed, whether the author of "Marmion" sought to produce the sublime through amplification. Although rarely within the accomplishment of an author, Longinus has yet decidedly taught, that both by that figure, and another very similar to it (the *Periphrasis*), a writer is capable of ascending to the sublime; but this celebrated critic premises, that unless used with greater caution, it is more dangerous than any other figure, as it is apt to grow trifling and insipid, and savour of pedantry and dulness. It

is to be feared, that the poet of "Marmion" has altogether failed in rising to the sublime. If his compositions are sometimes characterised by beauty of description and elegance of sentiment, it will not be denied, that they more frequently exhibit a monotony of manner, and a mediocrity of thought, which dwelling continually in a circle, upon one set of images, rarely enlivens his story with scenery, or with allusions to any thing beyond the isolated spot which comprises the little world where his characters bustle and "strut their hour."

With regard, however, to this talent of producing the sublime, by dwelling upon the sentiment, or lengthening the style, Sir Walter Scott has certainly not, throughout the whole course of his poems, presented an example so successful as that which follows of Pope from Homer, noticed by Melmoth in his very celebrated "Letters." The original runs thus (Juno is remonstrating with Jupiter in a general council of the gods):

Αἰνολατὲ Κρονίδη —
 Πῶς θέλεις ἅλιον θείναι πόνον ἢδ' ἀλεῖσθον
 Ἰδρῶθ' οὐ ἰδρῶσα μογῶ; καμῆτην δὲ μοι ἵπποι
 Λαόν ἀγχιέστη, Πριάμην κακὰ τοιοῦτο τε πάσιν.

Which in literal English may be translated, as Melmoth says, "Why, surely, Jupiter, you won't be so cruel as to render ineffectual all my expense of labour and sweat!—have I not tired every horse in my stable in order to raise forces to ruin Priam and his family?"—This is the familiar and the low in writing; but Pope, who, as Warton once said, "invades like a conqueror the sentiments of his predecessors," has raised both the expression and sentiment to a standard of elevation and beauty:

"Shall then, O tyrant of the etherial plains!
 My schemes, my labour, and my hopes be vain?
 Have I for this shook Ilion with alarms,
 Assembled nations, set two worlds in arms?
 To spread the war, I flew from shore to shore,
 The immortal coursers scarce the labour bore."

Melksham, Oct. 1826.

ALCIPHRON.

REMEMBRANCE.

1.

'Tis the hymn of the faithful heart that dwells
 On lips which Love ne'er taught to roam;
 'Tis the song which is fraught with magic spells,
 To lure affection to its home.
 The prayer which ascends with the morning light,
 'Midst the song of birds,—and the sweet of flow'rs,
 The tribute that floats on the stilly night,
 When the smile of Heaven—and Hope is ours.

2.

'Tis the last,—last sigh, of the broken heart,
 Nor comes to mar the festive scene,
 The spirit of Sorrow proclaims---we part,
 Its bolt in my scath'd breast has been.
 Farewell!--Fare-thee-well!--When thy pulse beats high
 In converse with those who shall love thee less,
 Oh! yield to "Remembrance" one parting sigh,
 As it fades o'er my wretched loneliness.

C.

COLLECTANEA.—No. I.

—
 “ Who reads
 Incessantly — collecting toys
 And trifles.”

MILTON'S PAR. REG.
 —

1. ANECDOTES. Anecdotes are among the luxuries of literature. They stimulate the appetite for reading, and almost create where deficient. They make study so like idleness, that even the idle are delighted with it.

2. EGG-EATING FORMERLY FELONY. The bigotry of the Scottish clergy was so intense during the reign of James V., that Beaton issued a proclamation, denouncing the punishment of death by fine and confiscation of goods, against any one who should buy or eat an egg on forbidden days. This we learn from Sir Ralph Sadler's State Papers.

3. AN EXPENSIVE TOY. Lamia, mistress to Demetrius, another Aspasia in her way, judging from her letters preserved in Alciphron's epistles (see p. 99, of the English Translation, ed. 1791), was extremely well paid for her condescension; for, upon one occasion, Demetrius commanded the Athenians to raise immediately the sum of 250 talents (*i. e.* 48,437*l.* 10*s.* sterling); when collected, he ordered it all to be given to Lamia and her companions to—*buy soap!* See Plutarch's Life of Demetrius.

4. THE DEVIL NOT DUMB. This singular fact we learn from Captain Knox, who published an account of Ceylon in 1681. At p. 78 he has the following passage: “ This for certain I can affirm, that oftentimes the devil doth cry with an audible voice in the night: it is very shrill, *almost like the barking of a dog.* This I have often heard myself, but never heard that he did any harm.”

5. NUPTIAL OIL. Philostratus says, that on the banks of the Hyphasis grow some trees, from which the Indians obtain a liquor used as a nuptial oil, with which new married people are anointed all over, by persons appointed for that purpose. See p. 125, Berwick's Translation. A similar custom appears to prevail among the inhabitants of the Tonga Islands. See pp. 126, 153, vol. I. Mariner's Tonga Islands, where he describes the ceremonies which usually take place at a chief's marriage, when the bride is “ profusely anointed with cocoa nut oil, scented with sandal wood.”

6. SUICIDE. According to Strabo, book x., and Cælian, Var. Hist., book iii. ch. xxxvii., the Cæans enacted a law, by which all persons upwards of three score were obliged to drink hemlock juice. Val. Maximus relates, book ii. ch. vi., that a poisonous liquor was kept publicly at Marseilles, and that it was given to all such as satisfied the senate of the propriety of the reasons which prompted them to commit suicide. According to Pliny, book iv. ch. xii., when the Hyperboreans intended to commit suicide, they invited their friends to a banquet, and when finished, threw themselves from a rock into the sea.

7. NESTS OF THE WHITE ANT. Mr. Caldecleugh, in his recent Travels in South America, mentions having seen a considerable number of the nests of the copim (white ant), five feet high, and formed of white clay: they exhibit a singular chain of dependent existences. They are frequented by a toad, a snake, and a seriema: the toad eats the ant, the snake eats the toad, and the bird eats the snake. See vol. ii. p. 194.

8. **GIBBON CONVICTED OF A BULL.** "According to Plutarch, Romulus allowed only three grounds of a divorce—drunkenness, adultery, and false keys. Otherwise, the husband who abused his supremacy forfeited half his goods to the wife, and half to the goddess Ceres, and offered a sacrifice (*with the remainder*) to the terrestrial deities." See *Decline and Fall*, ch. xliv. note *h*. It would be difficult to find the remainder of that man's property who had already forfeited two moieties of it. Drunkenness is *not* mentioned by Plutarch at all; and he plainly implies that *all* divorces require an offering of expiation to the terrestrial deities.

9. **FONTENELLE.** Fontenelle was perhaps the only man who felt and confessed a diminution of his intellectual powers in old age. He well knew how necessary memory is to the understanding, and consequently to the supply of wit. Memory collects ideas, the understanding arranges them, and judgment determines the propriety of their union. An extensive and prompt memory is necessary to present to our choice a number of ideas, for the mind to apply and use at pleasure. In speaking of the loss of his memory late in life, he said, "I am on the point of removing into another country, and memory is sent off before, with the heavy baggage."

10. **A SINGULAR FACT.** It may be mentioned as an historical singularity, that all the English kings who married French princesses, incurred the displeasure of their subjects, and suffered violent deaths; as Edward II., Richard II., Henry VI., and Charles I.

11. **LONGEVITY.** It would seem that in very hot but dry countries, mankind attain to a greater age than in the temperate zones. The following extraordinary instance of longevity is related by M. Humboldt, as having occurred within his own observation. While he was at Lima, a Peruvian Indian died at the age of 147, having been married for ninety years to the same woman, who had lived to the age of 117. Till he attained to the age of 130, this venerable personage used to walk three or four leagues every day; but for the last twelve years of his life he had lost his sight.

12. **A WHIMSICAL INTRODUCTION.** Boswell, in his *Journal of a Tour, &c.* relates that Cooke, the translator of Hesiod, &c. introduced Foote to a club in the following singular manner:—"This is the nephew of the gentleman who was lately hung in chains for murdering his brother."

13. **A WOMAN WHO HAD TWENTY-FIVE HUSBANDS.** Evelyn, in his *Memoirs*, mentions the case of a woman in the Netherlands who had been married twenty-five times, and who was then prohibited from marrying again; "yet it could not be proved," he says "that she had ever made any of her husbands away, though the suspicion had brought her divers times to trouble."

14. **COLERIDGE.** With extensive learning, an unbounded vigor of imagination, and the most ready command of expression both in verse and prose, this author has been uniformly deficient in the perseverance and the sound sense which were necessary to turn his exquisite talents to their proper use. He has only produced in a complete state one or two small pieces, and every thing else, begun on a larger scale, has been flung aside, and left unfinished. This is not all: although commanding the most beautiful poetical language, he has every now and then thought fit to exchange it for the gratuitous pleasure of introducing whole stanzas of quaint and vulgar doggerel. These are the passages which render learning useless, and eloquence absurd; which make fools laugh, and malignant critics "dance and leap;" but which excite, in readers of taste, grief and astonishment, as evidence of talent misapplied, and genius furnishing arms against itself to low-minded envy.

15. **ANTIQUITY OF THE MARINE COMPASS.** Du Halde, in his History of China, adduces some evidence to shew that the compass was known and used in that country as early as the 22d. cycle, or 1040 years before Christ; and the observation of Sir George Staunton, in the Account of his Embassy to China, that the magnet is one of the attributes of their Neptune, and is placed in one of the hands of the idol, is not a little curious.

16. **DUEL IN BALLOONS.** A very extraordinary duel took place in Paris about eighteen years since. M. de Granpree and M. Le Pique having quarrelled about Mademoiselle Tirevit, a celebrated opera dancer, who was kept by the former, but had been discovered in an intrigue with the latter, a challenge ensued. Being both men of *elevated mind*, they agreed to fight in balloons. Each, attended by a second, ascended his car, loaded with blunderbusses, as pistols could not be expected to be efficient in their probable situation. When they had mounted to the height of about 900 yards, M. Le Pique fired his piece ineffectually; almost immediately after, the fire was returned by M. Granpree, and penetrated his adversary's balloon; the consequence of which was, its rapid descent, and M. Le Pique and his second were both dashed to pieces on a house top, over which the balloon fell. The victorious Granpree then mounted aloft in the grandest style, and descended safe with his second, about seven leagues from the spot of ascension.

17. **THE EGYPTIANS NOT BALD, AND WHY.** The Egyptians, if we believe Herodotus, book iii. ch. xii, seldom went bald, and the reason which he assigns is, that they *shaved* their heads from childhood, and thus hardened them in the sun. It is not easy to say how a man with his head shorn, *could* ever become bald. W.

THE WAR SONG.

1.

To the charge,—to the charge,—'tis for England and home,
'Tis for liberty, Britons shall vanquish—or die.
We advance, with the sounds of the trumpet and drum,
And the foe, and the traitor, alike we defy;
With each heart firm, and fix'd, as our own native Oak,
Undismay'd by the thunder, unscath'd by the blast,
We advance, and the voice of the Chieftain has spoke,
And the sigh, to our friend and our country, has past.
To the charge,—to the charge,—by the Warrior's vow
Doom'd to perish, or plant one more wreath on his brow.

2.

To the charge,---to the charge,---and the day is our own,
Our banners wave high in their pride, and their power.
See---the battle has past,---hark! the victory's won!
And England, and beauty, shall hallow the hour.
Yet the mighty are silent,---and fond hearts shall weep
Over many a hero, enshrined in his grave,
Where the souls of the valiant with comrades shall sleep,
'Till awoke by the call,---for the good and the brave,
Victory!---Victory!---Let the trumpet of Fame,
To the limits of earth, echo *Victory's name!!*

C.

THE LOVER'S SEAT.

"From thence it is a short walk to the Lover's Seat."HASTINGS GUIDE.

"WILT thou meet me at the stone seat on the cliff? I will be there at the moon rising," said Alured, pressing Ina fondly to his heart. The place was difficult to reach—it was distant from her home---the way to it was dreary and unfrequented, yet she did not hesitate to promise what the unfortunate youth requested. "Holy Mary, guard me, as I truly promise thee!" she exclaimed, with fervour. Alured imprinted a burning kiss upon her cheek, and instantly leaped into the boat which awaited him. The rowers plied manfully at their task, and a few minutes placed a considerable distance between them and the shore. Ina watched the boat, until it seemed but as a speck upon the ocean; she then arranged her mantle, and the hood, which was the covering of her head, and took the way to her father's house.

Ecgrid, the father of Alured, was a man of importance amongst the Saxons; and by the possession of ten hides of land, having thereon a church, a kitchen, and a bell house, was entitled to the rank of a thegn, or thane. His house, or rather hall, for so the residence of the nobles was called, stood boldly conspicuous on the Sussex coast, near the ancient port of Hastings, and was equally celebrated for the romantic beauty of its situation, and the truly English hospitality which every way-faring man was certain of receiving there. In the latter particular it was indeed unrivalled, especially in the strength of its ale, to the potency of which the addled brains of many a rustic oft times gave testimony: no wassail drink of new year's eve, no gossip's bowl, not even a cup of old canary, "and that is a marvellous searching wine," ever played its part more effectually than this long remembered barley drink was wont to do. The hall was erected upon the brow of a steep cliff, the base of which was washed by the sea; but towards the land the approach was rendered easy by a gentle long continued ascent. The building was massy, ponderous, and inelegant—without ornament or convenience---lofty, but irregular---and calculated either for a residence or a place of defence, being provided with loop-holes for the discharge of bolts from cross bows.

It was within sight of this mansion that on Michaelmas Day, 1066, the Norman fleet, consisting of upwards of one thousand ships, anchored in the bay of Pevensey, and William, afterwards surnamed "the Conqueror," stepped upon the shore with sixty thousand followers. The wind had for a long time detained these invaders in the port of St. Valori; but upon the eve of the feast of St. Michael, who was the patron saint of Normandy, William directed the relics of St. Valori to be carried in solemn procession through the streets;

and such was the effect of this pious march, that the wind instantly changed, their sails were at once filled, and the whole armament proceeded to the English shore, under the protection of a consecrated banner, which had been presented to William by the Pope, together with a golden *Agnus Dei*, and a ring, in which was one of St. Peter's hairs.

The expedition had been so long threatened, and so long delayed, that the English falsely imagined that William had abandoned his pretensions; or at any event, that he would not prosecute them until the following year. The fleet which had been cruising for several months along the English coast, was in consequence discharged, and the Norman duke effected his landing without even a shew of opposition. Ecgfrid, who was personally connected with Harold, the English king, viewed ship after ship discharge its cargo, but was in no condition to oppose them; the soldiers had been, in fact, all withdrawn, to assist in the repulse of some Norwegian invaders who had landed on the banks of the Humber, and over whom Harold obtained a complete victory a few days before William landed.

As soon as a landing was effected, William collected his troops, and advanced with them to a short distance from the shore, where the camp was fixed, and the invaders began to scour the country for provisions. One of the first residences that attracted their attention, was that of Ecgfrid; its situation, commanding an extensive view of the valley which was spread around it, seemed to point it out as a fit residence for the commander; who therefore rode towards it, with Eustace de Boulogne, Aimeri de Thouars, and some others of his companions in arms. The fatigues of the day, and the anxiety with which such a bold and important enterprise was of necessity accompanied, rendered sleep and refreshment necessary to all of them, and more than all to William, who had been most active, and was most anxious. But Ecgfrid's was no place either of refreshment or rest to them. The entrances were all closed and barricadoed; the turrets manned; archers stationed at the loop-holes; and every thing prepared for defence. Ecgfrid had also caused a deep trench to be dug across the only way of entrance, and men were placed behind a hastily raised fortification, to give a check to the progress of any attacking force. William, upon his approach, sent forward a messenger to demand the surrender of Ecgfrid and his residence; but no answer was given to his repeated challenges, for this very simple and efficient reason, that there was not amongst the inmates of Ecgfrid's residence any one person who understood French. William himself approached, and soon guessed the cause. Amongst the people who had been drawn together from curiosity to survey the Norman forces, one was soon found who consented to assume the office of an interpreter, and Ecgfrid was once more summoned "to open his gates."

"To whom?" was the interrogative reply; and when that was answered, "Tell this spurious duke," said the respondent, "that this fortification is holden for Harold, King of England, to whom only will it be rendered."

"Harold!" exclaimed William, prompting the interpreter; "Harold is a perjured villain, and is not King of England, but by foul wrong done unto me."

"Harold's men," was the answer, "will tell you smooth-chinned boys* another tale, ere long; but away with you, or we will send a troop of winged messengers amongst you, who will scatter your thick ranks:" at the same moment a single arrow from the nearest part of the building struck the Saxon interpreter to the ground, a voice exclaiming, "Thus be it to every craven knave who renders aid to an invader."

The Normans immediately fell into rank, and would have rushed to the attack; but William, probably imagining that the place was more strongly defended than in reality it was, or wishing to reserve his strength for more important occasions, drew off his men, exclaiming, that he came not over to wage war with private men, but to obtain the kingdom, which was his due; and that he held it beneath the honor of a general who had the swords of sixty thousand brave men unsheathed in his cause, to waste time in subduing a paltry thane.

Thus foiled, William retreated to the sea shore, where a repast was spread for him on a large flat stone, which to the present day, in memory of this event, retains the appellation of "the Conqueror's Table."

Upon the appearance of Harold, who mustered his forces, and prepared to meet the invaders, Ecgfrid sallied forth from his untenable fortress, and joined the Saxon monarch with all the force he could muster. The result is well known:---the hostile armies met near the place now called Battle, and after an engagement contested from nine o'clock in the morning, until sunset, the Saxons were entirely routed. Harold lost his kingdom and his life, and England lay at the proud foot of "the Conqueror." The carnage of the Saxons was dreadful: forced back by the Norman cavalry, they contested every foot of ground, and many a brave man fell, like Ecgfrid, upon the field, rather than yield the least advantage to his opponents. After the engagement, Ecgfrid's dead body was found covered with wounds, and lying upon a heap of enemies. A grave, dug hastily upon the field, received him and them; and they who would have shunned the touch of each other when alive, have long since dissolved into one common and undistinguishable mass.

The tyrannous manner in which William exercised the power that he acquired by this victory, and the subsequent submission of the principal Saxons, produced continual risings among the people. Scarcely a year passed without a rebellion. Goaded by oppression of the most horrible kind—stripped of their property, which was parcelled out amongst Normans, and not only ill treated but insulted—marked out by a peculiar mode of wearing their beards, which they were obliged by law to adopt, as a class who might be injured with impunity; it cannot be wondered that the wretched Saxons made various attempts to expel their Norman tyrants, and regain their

* The Normans were shaven, whereas the Saxons wore their beards long.

liberty; but their efforts were partial, and often unpremeditated, and therefore ineffectual. In all these risings Alured, the son of Ecgfrid, rendered himself conspicuous; and with a good fortune, as singular as his bravery, generally escaped from their perils unhurt. Aware that he had no chance from the mercy of the Normans, he set them at defiance; and when his companions surrendered, Alured betook himself to the woods, or cruized upon the coast of Sussex with a few outlaws, whose bravery and whose fortunes were as desperate as his own. His father's name was well known and respected, and he himself possessed those heroic qualities which captivate mankind. The Saxons considered him a martyr in their country's cause, and few were the doors that would not willingly open to receive the outlawed son of Ecgfrid, especially in the neighbourhood of Hastings, where his name and his fortunes were the theme of every body's discourse. There was, indeed, one of his oldest acquaintances—one from whom he expected most—who now deserted him. Leofgar had long been the most intimate friend of Ecgfrid; himself a thane, and possessed of property in the neighbourhood of Hastings, their vicinity had given rise to friendship, and shortly before the landing of William, a marriage had been contemplated between Leofgar's daughter, Ina, and the son of his friend Ecgfrid: but the invasion of the Normans separated them. Upon that event Leofgar remained aloof, a quiet spectator of his country's troubles, until the battle of Hastings placed William upon the throne, when this thane was the first nobleman who conciliated the Conqueror by submission. He was thus secured in the possession of his estate, and, in order that no suspicion might attach to his subsequent conduct, he strictly forbade all future intercourse with the son of his ancient friend. But Leofgar little calculated upon the strength and generosity of a woman's affections. He had himself encouraged the intimacy between Alured and Ina, until it ripened into the most assured love; he had helped to tie a knot which his ingenuity could not unravel, his power could not cut. The freedom of manners, which the simplicity of society then encouraged, permitted Ina to have many opportunities of seeing her betrothed, and, whenever he was in the neighbourhood of Hastings, which was always the case in the intervals between the rebellious outbreaks, he was at little loss to secure a daily interview with her. Their places of meeting were the wildest and most sequestered—the unfrequented glen, the unknown cave by the sea shore, the bed of the dried-up mountain stream—any place in which observation was the most likely to be eluded, suited the concealment which was so obviously necessary for both of them. These circumstances will explain why Ina so willingly promised to meet the adventurous Saxon, although the place was the stone seat on the cliff, and the time the late hour of the moon rising.

The weather had long been dry and sultry, but that evening the sun sank into a bed of clouds so black as to portend an immediate change. The sea birds flew close to the water's edge, or sought refuge from the coming storm in holes in the rocks. The sea itself

rolled heavily, as if gathering its strength, aware that the low wind, which then sighed mournfully, would shortly increase, until its violence dashed liquid mountains upon the shore. The fisherman drew up his bark, the herdsman enclosed his flocks, every thing seemed waiting, awe-struck, until the ripening tempest should dash its waters upon the parched earth. It was at this moment that Ina left her home. Her way lay, for some time, by the sea shore, and with heavy heart she watched the rising water, and wished she had not made an appointment which Alured might encounter danger in keeping. Departing from the shore, she traversed along a valley, in which the trees seemed to sigh and moan as they moved to the wind, and the rumble of distant thunder proclaimed the approach of the storm. When she quitted the wooded glen, and began to ascend the hill on the other side, the terrors of the night became more apparent—one half of the hemisphere was shrouded by a heap of sable clouds, which seemed advancing quickly towards the east, where the light of the rising moon began to be apparent. She quickened her steps in order to reach the stone seat, if possible, before the tempest burst; but ere she could attain the top of the hill, the heavens opened, and the yellow lightning flashed. The thunder followed, and seemed to shake the very earth: the rain also began to fall as if in sheets. She drew her hood close over her head, and wrapping her cloak around her, proceeded undismayed. Again the lightnings flashed, again the thunder rolled over her head in majestic peals, and ere she reached the seat, the dark clouds had covered the whole sky.

"The stone seat on the cliff," was in a small recess, nearly at the top of a lofty eminence projecting over the ocean. The usual mode of approach to it was by a steep descent from the high land above it; none but skilful climbers could reach it from the sea, the rock being almost perpendicular. Over the seat was a huge stone, a part of the cliff which had slipped out of its original position, and was stopped in its fall by some projections of the rock on which it rested, and thus formed a sort of covering to the seat under it. This over-hanging roof gave a fearful and insecure appearance, which deterred many from frequenting the place; but that was, perhaps, an additional reason why it should be chosen for a place of meeting by Alured and Ina.

Upon reaching her destination, she was, in some degree, protected from the storm which still beat dismally around her. Beneath her was the sea, but it was only when the lightning played over it that she could at all perceive it. The wind had now risen, and the waves were dashed furiously on the shore. "Holy Mary, grant that he may not come!" exclaimed Ina, crossing herself, and kissing a small crucifix which she carried in her bosom: "he cannot land whilst the sea runs thus." At this moment, a flash of lightning revealed to her the sight of a boat at a little distance, the rowers plying towards the shore: again all was darkness; another flash, and she saw them tossed upon the waters, but still approaching land; another, they are nearer still; a fourth, and they are hid from her

sight by the projecting rock. A pause of dreadful expectation ensued: her heart beat heavily, she would have given worlds to have been on the shore; a full minute elapsed, he had not reached her; another minute, she approached to the very verge of the rock, but all was darkness, and the loud wind prevented her from hearing. "Sure," she exclaimed, in an agony that could be contained no longer, "sure the boat is lost!" The words were scarcely off her lips when Alured clasped her in his arms. Yes, it was, indeed, Alured himself, fatigued and wet; for, rather than endanger the safety of the boat, he had jumped into the sea, and himself stemmed the breakers; but still it was her own Alured, and fervently she hung round his neck.

The happiness of such a meeting sets description entirely at defiance. There is a happiness in the sigh, in the look, in the very silence of those whom affection binds in one, and what pen can portray feelings so subtle and refined? all have felt, and can imagine them.

But, alas! the happiness of Alured and Ina was short. The first greeting was scarcely over, when their attention was arrested by the tumult which nature raised around them. The storm had increased; forked lightnings flew in all directions; the thunders rattled around them; the whole heaven was illuminated by the continual flashing.

"Is it not awful?" exclaimed Ina, pressing closely to the side of Alured. "I wish old times were back again, that thou mightest betake thee to the hall on such a night—see, see, the lightning."

At that moment a forked flash passed by them, and striking the loose overhanging stone, which formed a covering over their seat, the huge mass fell, and precipitated the lovers at once from the rock into the sea. One loud shriek was heard—then the noise of something falling in the water—a thunder clap followed, and then all was silent.

It is in memory of this tragic tale, that the seat on the cliff has ever since been termed the "Lover's Seat."

MAURICE PENN.

THE STREAM OF LIFE.

I ONCE thought life had charms for me;
I thought its giddy round would please;
Gay Happiness, I thought of thee,
But, oh! each day's a new disease:
No binding love, no sacred tie,
My joys are gone---my hopes are past;
In early life I weep and sigh,
I've bent before Affliction's blast.

Once when in childhood's giddy maze,
I saw Love's early flow'rets bloom;
I felt Life's pleasures warmly blaze,
But soon they sunk into the tomb.
My youth, it was a wandering stream,
A stream to all Life's cares unknown;
Grief, like a river, rolling past,
My little stream has overflown!

CATHARINE.

GREECE.

UNHAPPY Greece! Oh, art thou fallen so low,
 That not the Turk alone oppresses thee,
 But e'en thy friends---thy *self-styl'd* Christian friends,
 Aid the unholy cause? The Crescent now
 Shines in thy cities, where the Cross once stood;
 And thy fair land---the land by Poet's theme
 And History's glorious deeds immortaliz'd---
 The seat of Science, and the throne of Art---
 The land whose ancient faith our memory holds
 Still sacred, still rever'd---whose ancient Gods,
 Those bright creations of sublimest thought,
 Still more than human seem, though not divine---
 Oh! it hath fall'n from its proud eminence,
 As falls a Star from Heaven's highest verge
 Down to th' Horizon. Greece, alas! hath died.
 Prostrate she lies before the infidel:
 But is there not a rising from the grave?
 Her spirit is not dead---it cannot die---
 It is itself eternal, and bestows
 Eternity on those who worship it.
 Throughout the world it wanders, and in climes
 To ancient Greece unknown we trace its steps.
 Yes! Liberty, which from all nations once
 Liv'd separate in Greece, from Greece expell'd,
 Died not, but sought in other realms a home:
 And she will yet return---the time will come
 When Greece, deserted---desolate---oppress'd---
 Amongst the proud again shall rear her head.
 Greece must be free---already o'er her shores
 Her ancient spirit reigns, and not the force
 Which Mahomet can wield---no---nor the arts
 Which men who would be mis-called Patriots,
 But in whose sordid minds there reigns alone
 The mean ambition to be counted rich---
 Not all the arts such men can use
 Shall stay her in her course tow'rds Liberty.

B.

CUPID.

VENUS! redress a wrong that's done
 By that young sprightly boy, thy son;
 He wounds, and then laughs at the sore,---
 Hatred itself can do no more.
 If I pursue, he's small and light,
 Both seen at once and out of sight;
 If I do fly, he's winged, and then
 At the third step I'm caught again:
 Lest one day thou thyself may'st suffer so,
 Oh! clip the wanton's wings, or break his bow.

W. CARTWRIGHT.

“CHERRY RIPE” AND ITS AUTHOR.

It is not, we believe, generally known, that the song of Cherry Ripe, which the singing of Madame Vestris has rendered familiar to the play-going part of the community, and the ballad-singers, whistlers, and organ grinders in our streets have taught to every one, is at the present day about one hundred and seventy-eight years old, having been brought into the world in the very year in which Charles I. was beheaded. Its merit is not, perhaps, of a very exalted character, but it is well to give every one his due, and why should Robert Herrick be deprived of the small share of credit which belongs to him, as the author of Cherry Ripe? The works of Herrick are very little known, and, it is probable, never will be more so than they are at present. There is an indelicacy about some of them, which renders them unsuited to the taste of our times, but several of his detached pieces possess very great merit; a lively fancy—a jolly hilarity—a truly joyous and Anacreontic spirit, distinguish them, and point out the author to have been such as he describes himself in the following lines:

“Howsoever, cares adieu!
I'll have nought to say to you:
But I'll spend my coming hours
Drinking wine, and crown'd with flowers.”

Herrick was born in the year 1591, and lived to an advanced age; but in what year he died, is uncertain. He appears to have been upon familiar terms with Ben Jonson and the wits of the day; and in one of his invocations refers to their convivial meetings thus:

“Ah, Ben!
Say how or when
Shall we, thy guests,
Meet at those lyrick feasts,
Made at the Sun,
The Dog, the triple Tun;
Where we such clusters had,
As made us nobly wild, not mad?
And yet each verse of thine
Outdid the meat, outdid the frolick wine.

“My Ben!
Or come again,
Or send to us
Thy wit's great overplus;
But teach us yet
Wisely to husband it;
Lest we that talent spend;
And having once brought to an end
That precious stock, the store
Of such a wit, the world should have no more.”

There is a great deal of the true, hearty, Anacreontic spirit in the following, also addressed to Ben Jonson:

" Fill me a mighty bowl,
Up to the brink,
That I may drink
Unto my Jonson's soul.

Crown it again, again,
And thrice repeat
That happy heat,
To drink to thee, my Ben.

Well I can quaff I see,
To the number five
Or nine; but thrive
In frenzy ne'er like thee."

The same free spirit is discoverable in a short "Hymn to Venus," inserted in our last number; and is not altogether absent in "Cherry Ripe," which, as written by the author, stands thus:

" Cherry-ripe, ripe, ripe, (I cry)
Full and fair ones come and buy!
If so be you ask me, where
They do grow? I answer, there,
Where my Julia's lips do smile;
There's the land of cherry-isle;
Whose plantations fully show,
All the year where cherries grow."

The Julia mentioned in Cherry Ripe, appears to have been a great favorite with the author; many of his verses are addressed to her; the following are not perhaps the least engaging:

" Julia, when thy Herrick dies,
Close thou up thy poet's eyes:
And his last breath, let it be,
Taken in by none but thee."

Amongst his poems are a variety of epitaphs, written in a style most easy, graceful, and classical. The following upon Ben Jonson closes the story of their intimacy—affection could go no farther:

" Here lies Ben Jonson, with the rest
Of the poets, but the best.
Reader, would'st thou more have known?
Ask his story, not the stone;
That will speak, what this can't tell,
Of his glory. So farewell."

The few particulars which are known of the life of Herrick, are to be found in Drake's Literary Hours, and Nichols's History of Leicestershire.

YOUTH AND AGE.

YOUTH like a lightning flash appears,
How bright, and, oh! how short its years:
Age follows, like the thunder's roll,
It passes—and we reach the goal.

E.

OLD ENGLISH DRAMATISTS.

No. II.

"EASTWARD HOE."

WE resume the consideration of this interesting subject with a play, the history of which is rather singular. "Eastward Hoe," like the *Witch of Edmonton*, noticed in our last, is the joint production of three celebrated dramatists, Ben Jonson, George Chapman, and John Marston. The name of the first of these worthies is so well known, that it would be superfluous to do more than mention it. Chapman is also well known as the translator of Homer's *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, and the author of *Bussy D'Ambois* and several other plays; he was born in the year 1557, was a friend of Spenser and Shakspeare, is described by Wood as an excellent and amiable man, and died in 1634, at the age of seventy-seven. The fame of Marston rests upon the tragedy of *Antonio and Mellida*, published in 1602; *The Parasitaster*, or the *Fawne*, a comedy, published in 1606; *What you Will*, another comedy, dated in 1607, and several other plays of rather inferior merit.

The comedy we now propose to consider, was published in 1605, shortly after the accession of James I. The number of Scotchmen who came into England upon that event, and who were by the king promoted to offices of trust and confidence, aroused a considerable degree of jealousy in the minds of the English, and satire and invective were dealt out very freely, not only upon these imported courtiers, but even upon the prince to whom the nation considered itself indebted for the importation. Another source of public discontent was the number of knights which James was continually making; the consequence of which was, that a title once honorable, was often bestowed upon dishonorable men, and the dignity itself became an object of mockery and derision. A third circumstance which distinguishes the time, was a wild spirit of adventure and emigration then extremely prevalent, and which may be considered as having laid the foundation of the Anglo-American Colonies. All these circumstances were treated upon in the comedy of "Eastward Hoe," with a great deal of sharp and caustic satire; and those passages which relate to the court, the Scots, and the new made knights, were considered so extremely offensive by the king, that he caused the three authors to be committed to prison, from which it was with difficulty they escaped without the loss of their ears and noses. Great interest was however made for them, and upon a very humble submission, they were pardoned. Jonson was so rejoiced at his escape, that he gave an entertainment to commemorate it, and amongst the persons present were Camden, Selden, and, in all probability, the still greater man, Shakspeare. In the midst of the entertainment, Jonson's mother, a very masculine woman, after having drank to him, shewed him a paper of poison, which she

assured him it was her intention to have given him with his liquor, after having taken part of it herself, rather than he should have suffered the sentence from which he had so narrowly escaped. If an event so truly tragical had taken place, the comedy of "Eastward Hoe" would have perhaps been more celebrated and better known than it is; but the lovers of the drama and of literature, when considering the life of "Rare Ben Jonson," are happy to remember, that he did not die of poison administered by his mother, in order to save him from the infliction of a barbarous punishment adjudged by an arbitrary court.

"Eastward Hoe" is founded upon the manœuvres of a Sir Petronel Flash, knt. a man of no substance or worth, who is supposed to have procured his title by a bribe to one of the king's attendants. Being pursued and harassed by his just creditors, this worthy specimen of the new made knights, determines to take what was called the Virginia voyage, or to emigrate to the English settlements in America, and with that view engages some men as desperate in character and fortune as himself to accompany him. A ship is hired, and awaits these gallant adventurers at Blackwall; but Sir Petronel is desirous of making up a purse before he embarks, to accomplish which, he is about to be married to Girtred, the daughter of a very discreet and wealthy goldsmith in the City of London, named Touchstone. Girtred is possessed of considerable property in land, left to her by her grandmother, and that of course is a sufficient recommendation to the knight. He is possessed of a title, and that is a sufficient recommendation to Miss Girtred and her mother, both of whom are determined that she shall be a lady, and conclude the match at once without at all consulting Mr. Touchstone. Another inducement with these ladies is a certain castle of which the knight continually boasts that he is possessed, and which he takes care to describe in such manner as to induce an opinion of his great wealth. The knight is in hurry—the lady is willing, and the marriage is therefore on the point of being concluded, when the play commences.

The first scene introduces us to Mr. Touchstone and his two apprentices, Quicksilver and Goulding, the former of whom is a foolish, pert, impudent coxcomb, a seeker after gay society, without honesty or honor; the latter, on the contrary, is a steady, plain, excellent young man, attentive to business, and possessed of the entire confidence, not only of his master, but of all his acquaintances. The characters of these youths is well hit off, but we have not room for them both; the following is amusing and useful, as portraying the manners of the times. Touchstone's account of his own rise in the world is excellent.

TOUCH. Thou shameless varlet, dost thou jest at thy lawful master contrary to thy indentures?

QUICK. 'Zblood, sir, my mother's a gentlewoman, and my father a justice of peace and of quorum; and though I am a younger brother, and a prentice, yet I hope I am my father's son; and by God's lidde, 'tis

for your worship and for your commodity* that I keep company. I am entertained among gallants, true: they call me cousin Frank, right: I lend them monies, good: they spend it, well; but when they are spent, must they not strive to get more? Must not their land lie? And to whom? Shall not your worship have the refusal? Well, I am a good member of the city, if I were well considered. How would merchants thrive, if gentlemen would not be unthrifths? How could gentlemen be unthrifths, if their humours were not fed? How should their humours be fed, but by white meat and cunning secondings? Well, the city might consider us. I am going to an ordinary now; the gallants fall to play, I carry light gold with me; the gallants call cousin Frank, some gold for silver, I change, gain by it: the gallants lose the gold, and then call, cousin Frank, lend me some silver. Why?---

TOUCH. Why? I cannot tell, seven score pounds art thou out in my cash; but look to it, I will not be gallanted out of my monies. And as for my rising by other men's fall, God shield me! Did I gain my wealth by ordinaries? No---By exchanging of gold? No---By keeping of gallants' company? No. I hired me a little shop, fought low; took small gain; kept no debt-book; garnished my shop, for want of plate, with good wholesome thrifty sentences; as, *Touchstone, keep thy shop, and thy shop will keep thee. Light gains make heavy purses. 'Tis good to be merry and wise.* And when I was wiv'd, having something to stick to, I had the horn of suretyship ever before my eyes. You all know the device of the horn, where the young fellow slips in at the butt-end, and comes squeezed out at the buckall: and I grew up, and I praise Providence I bear my brows now as high as the best of my neighbours; but thou---well look to thy accounts, your father's bond lies for you: seven score pound is yet in the rear.

QUICK. Why 'slid, sir, I have as good, as proper gallants' words for it as any one in London; gentlemen of good phrase, perfect language, passingly well behaved, gallants that wear socks and clean linen, and call me kind cousin Frank---good cousin Frank, for they know my father; and by God slidde shall I not trust them? Not trust?

We then pass to Girtred and her sister Mildred:---the latter is a plain, simple girl, contented and unaspiring, whilst her sister, on the contrary, disdains the city, and every thing connected with it, even to her industrious father. She is about to become a lady, and thinks her dignity requires that her behaviour shall be more than ordinarily proud and imperious. She is dressing in expectation of a visit from her intended husband. The upstart satisfaction with which she counts upon the altered behaviour of her father and mother to her when she shall be married, is extremely natural.

GIRTRED. For the passion of patience, look if Sir Petronel approach; that sweet, that fine, that delicate, that---for love's sake tell me if he come? Oh! sister Mil, though my father be a low-capped tradesman, yet I must be a lady; and I praise God my mother must call me, Madam---(does he come?) Off with this gown for shame's sake, off with this gown: let not the knight take me in the city-cut, in any hand; tear't---pax on't---does he come? tear't off. "*Thus whilst she sleeps, I sorrow for her sake.*"---(Sings.)

MILD. Lord, sister, with what an immodest impaciencie and disgraceful scorn do you put off our city tire! I am sorry to think you imagine to right yourself, in wronging that which hath made both you and us.

* Commodity anciently signified interest or advantage, in which sense it is used by Falconbridge, King John, act ii. scene 6.

GIRT. I tell you I can't endure it, I must be a lady. Do you wear your coif with a London licket; your stammen petticoat with two guards; the buffin gown with the tuftastic cape and the velvet lace? I must be a lady, and I will be a lady. I like some humours of the city dames well, to eat cherries only at an angel a pound, good; to dye rich scarlet, black, pretty; to line a grogram gown clean through with velvet, tolerable; their pure linen, their smocks of three pounds a smock, are to be borne withal. But your mincing niceries, your taffeta pipkins, durance petticoats and silver bodkins---God's my life! as I shall be a lady, I can't endure it. Is he come yet? Lord, what a long knight 'tis! *And ever she cried, shout home,* (singing) and yet I know one longer, *and ever she cried, shout home, fal, la, la, re, lo, la.*

MILD. Well, sister, those that scorn their nest, oft fly with a sick wing.

GIRT. (Singing) *Bow Bell.*

After some time the knight arrives; she salutes him thus:

GIRT. Is my knight come? O, the Lord! My band! Sister, do my cheeks look well? Give me a little box o' the ear, that I may seem to blush; now, now, so, there, there! Here he is; O, my dearest delight, Lord, Lord, and how does my knight?

TOUCHSTONE. Fye! with more modesty.

GIRT. Modesty! Why, I am no citizen now. Modesty! Am I not to be married? Y'are best to keep me modest now I am to be a lady!

SIR PET. Boldness is good fashion and courtlike.

GIRT. I*, in a country lady, I hope it is, as I shall be. And how chance you came no sooner knight?

SIR PET. Faith, I was so entertained in the progress with one Count Epernoum, a Welch knight: we had a match at Balloon†, too, with my Lord Whackum, for four crowns.

GIRT. At Baboon? Jesu! you and I will play at Baboon in the country.

SIR PET. Oh, sweet lady! 'tis a strong play with the arm.

GIRT. Any thing, so it be a court sport. And when shall we be married, my knight?

SIR PET. I come now to consummate it---and your father may call a poor knight, son-in-law.

TOUCH. Sir, ye are come; what is not mine to keep, I must not be sorry to forego. A hundred pounds land her grandmother left her, 'tis yours; herself (as her mother's gift) is yours. But if you expect aught from me, know, my hand and mine eyes open together; I do not give blindly; *work upon that now‡.*

SIR PET. Sir, you mistrust not my means? I am knight.

TOUCH. Sir, sir; what I know not, you will give me leave to say, I am ignorant of.

MRS. TOUCH. Yes, that he is a knight; I know where he had money to pay the Gentlemen Ushers and Herald's their fees; I, that he is a knight, and so might you have been too, if you had been aught else than an ass, as well as some of your neighbours. And had I thought you would not ha' been knighted, (as I am an honest woman) I would ha' dubb'd you myself: I praise God, I have wherewithal. But as for your daughter---

* I, was anciently used for, aye, in which sense it frequently occurs in our extracts.

† Balloon, a game played with a large inflated ball, which was struck with the hand.

‡ This appears to have been a cant phrase of the time---it is often used in the course of this play.

GIRT. I, mother, must be a lady to-morrow ; and by your leave, mother, (I speak it not without my duty, but only in the right of my husband) I must take place of you, mother.

MRS. TOUCH. That you shall, lady daughter, and have a coach as well as I too.

GIRT. Yes, mother ; but by your leave, mother, (I speak it not without my duty, but only in my husband's right) my coach horses must take the wall of your coach horses.

TOUCH. Come, come, the day grows low : 'tis supper time---use my house---the wedding solemnity is at my wife's cost ; thank me for nothing but my willing blessing ; for, I cannot feign, my hopes are faint ; and, sir, respect my daughter ; she has refused for you wealthy and honest matches, known good men, well monied, better traded, best reputed.

GIR. Body o' truth ! *Chittizens ! Chittizens !* (spoken affectedly) Sweet knight, as soon as ever we are married, take me to thy mercy out of this miserable *Chittie* ; presently carry me out of the scent of Newcastle Coal, and the hearing of Bow Bell, I beseech thee.

The 2nd Act commences with a drunken scene between Quicksilver and his master ; when the latter, in consequence of his irregularities, cancels his indenture of apprenticeship, and declares that he will " no longer dishonest his house, nor endanger his stock, with his licence."---Thus at freedom, Quicksilver takes up his lodging with old Security, an usurer, with whom he forms a plan for the conversion into money of the estate which the knight had obtained with Touchstone's daughter. This scene is admirable, but we have room for only an extract from it.

QUICK. Who taught you this morality ?

SECUR. 'Tis long of this witty age, Mr. Francis. But, indeed, Mistress Sinnedefie, all trades complain of inconvenience ; and therefore 'tis best to have none. The merchant he complains, and says traffic is subject to much uncertainty and loss ; let them keep their goods on dry land with a vengeance, and not expose other men's substances to the mercy of winds, under protection of a wooden wall (as Mr. Francis says), and all for greedy desire to enrich themselves with unconscionable gain, two for one, or so : where I, and such other honest men, as live by lending money, are content with moderate profit ; thirty or forty in the hundred, so we may have it with quietness, and out of peril of wind and weather, rather than risk those dangerous courses of trading as they do.

QUICK. I, dad ! thou may'st well be called *security*, for thou takest the safest course.

SECUR. Faith, the quieter and the more contented, and out of doubt the more godly. For merchants in their courses are never pleased, but ever repining against heaven : one prays for a westerly wind to carry his ship forth ; another for an easterly to bring his ship home ; and at every shaking of a leaf he falls into an agony, to think what danger his ship is in on such a coast, and so forth. The farmer, he is ever at odds with the weather ; sometimes the clouds have been too barren---sometimes the heavens forget themselves, their harvests answer not their hopes ; sometimes the season falls out too fruitful, corn will bear no price, and so forth. The artificer, he's all for a stirring world ; if his trade be too full, and fall short of his expectation, then falls he out of joint. Where we, that trade in nothing but money, are free from all this ; we are pleased with all weathers ; let it rain or hold up, be calm or windy ; let the season be whatsoever ; let trade go how it will, we take all in good part ; e'en what

please the heavens to send us : so the sun stand not still, and the moon keep her usual returns, and make up days, months, and years.

QUICK. And you have good security.

SECUR. I, marry, Frank, that's the special point.

QUICK. And yet, forsooth, we must have trades to live withal, for we cannot stand without legs, nor fly without wings, and a number of such scurvy phrases : no, I say still, he that has wit, let him live by his wit : he that has none, let him be a tradesman.

SECUR. Witty Master Francis ! 'Tis pity any trade should dull that quick brain of yours. Do but bring Knight Petronel into my parchment toils once, and you shall never need to toil in any trade, on my credit !

The plot being thus laid, we are then introduced to the knight and his lady. The assumption of the lady is really ludicrous. She swears by her dignity ; and when Security salutes her worshipful ladyship, she informs him, " You are very welcome—you must not put on your hat yet : " and after some time condescendingly exclaims, " Harkye, good man ! you may put on your hat now, I do not look on you."

In the meantime Touchstone, who entertains but a poor opinion of the husband his wife has provided for their daughter Girtred, makes up a match between his other daughter, Mildred, and Goulding, whose term of apprenticeship has just expired. This marriage is extremely offensive to the dignity of " the lady," and her mother ; but the father will have his way, and the girl herself being willing, the nuptials are at once celebrated.

Her ladyship soon becomes anxious to visit the splendid castle in the country, with which the knight had filled her imagination ; and he having arranged, through Quicksilver, for an advance of money upon the estate she had brought him, is anxious to get rid of her. He feigns that urgent business detains him in town ; whereupon she agrees, for the pleasure of riding in her own coach, and going to her own castle, that she and her mother will go down to the castle, and prepare every thing for his reception, he promising to follow in the course of a few days.

In the 3rd Act we see her setting off for the country in her new coach. " As I am a lady," is now her usual form of speech ; and as she passes to her coach she returns the salutations of the citizens, who pray heaven bless her ladyship, with, " thank you, good people ; my coach for the love of heaven, my coach ! In good truth I shall swoon else ! " She exclaims against her father for allowing her sister to marry his 'prentice ; congratulates herself that he must now call her "*madam*, and *please you, madam*, and *please your worship madam* ; " and addresses her sister thus : " Never look to have my countenance any more, nor any thing I can do for thee. Thou ride in my coach ! or come down to my castle ! fie upon thee ! I charge thee, in my ladyship's name, call me sister no more."

The knight having now obtained his money and his object, hastens to the Blue Anchor Tavern at Billingsgate, where he meets his crew with whom he is about to sail for Virginia. Quicksilver

agrees to accompany them, and they carouse until midnight, when, in spite of a raging tempest and violent hurricane, the intoxicated fools determine to take to a boat in order to join the ship at Black-wall. They pursue their course as far as the Isle of Dogs, when the boat is swamped. Those on board succeed with great difficulty in getting ashore, but with the loss of the borrowed money. Unable to proceed without this most essential article, they for some time consult how to act, when Quicksilver explains to them the secrets of clipping money, and manufacturing base coin, by the exercise of which arts they hope shortly to realize a sufficient sum to enable them to pursue their voyage.

But before this can be done, the Lady Flash and her mother have discovered that the castle to which they were sent was merely a castle in the air, and have returned to London in doleful plight. The lady's pride is not yet sufficiently humbled to induce her to take up her abode with her angry and despised father, or to associate with the sister who had demeaned herself by marrying an apprentice; she therefore hires an obscure lodging for herself and her servant, and supports herself by pawning her coach, her jewels, and the other paraphernalia of her "ladyship." These means of course soon fail, and distress comes upon her. Just at this time there is an admirable scene between Girtred and her servant, from which the following is an extract, full of keen satire, introduced with strict regard to the simple vanity of the foolish lady.

GIR. Would the Knight of the Sun, or Palmerin of England, have used their ladies so, Syn; or Sir Launcelot, or Sir Tristram?

SYN. I do not know, madam.

GIR. Then thou know'st nothing, Syn: thou art a fool, Syn. The knighthood now-a-days are nothing like the knighthood of old time. They rode a horseback, ours go a foot. They were attended by their squires, ours by their lacqueys. They went buckled in their armour, ours muffled in their cloaks. They travelled wildernesses and desarts, ours dare scarce walk the streets. They were still pressed to engage their honor, ours still ready to pawn their clothes. They would gallop on at sight of a monster, ours run away at sight of a serjeant. They would help poor ladies, ours make poor ladies.

SYN. I, madam, they were knights of the round table at Winchester that sought adventures, but these of the square table at ordinaries that sit at hazard.

GIR. True, Syn, let him vanish. And tell me what shall we pawn next?

GIR. Good Lord, that there are no fairies now-a-days, Syn!

SYN. Why, madam?

GIR. To do miracles, and bring ladies money. Sure if we lay in a cleanly house, they would haunt it, Syn? I'll try. I'll sweep the chamber soon at night, and set a dish of water on the hearth. A fairy may come, and bring a pearl or a diamond. We do not know, Syn. Or there may be a pot of gold hid o' the outside, if we had tools to dig for't. Why may not we two rise early in the morning afore any body is up, and find a jewel in the streets worth £100? May not some great court lady, as she comes from revels at midnight, look out of the coach as 'tis running, and lose such a jewel, and we find it? Ha?

SYN. They are waking dreams these.

GIR. Or may not some old usurer be drunk over night, with a bag of money, and leave it behind him on a stall? For God sake, Syn, let's rise to-morrow at break of day, and see.

Such fanciful remarks shew out the character and situation of the poor deluded girl, much better than could have been done by any formal description put into the mouth of another person.

The projects of Sir Petronel and his companions are quickly disconcerted by the arrival of a constable, who presses them for sea service; but upon the knight asserting his title, they are all taken before a deputy alderman, who turns out to be no other than Quicksilver's fellow-apprentice, Goulding, who had been just elected to that office. Touchstone now appears, accuses the knight of his duplicity towards Girtred, and Quicksilver of some embezzlement which had just been discovered. Upon these accusations, they are both sent to prison, together with old Security, the usurer.

Mrs. Touchstone now seeks out her poor reduced daughter, who is in the very deepest distress, and thus the poor, foolish, weak mother advises her:

MRS. TOUCH. Nay, sweet lady bird, sigh not, child, madam. Why do you weep thus? Be of good cheer. I shall die if you cry and mar your complexion thus.

GIR. Alas! mother, what shall I do?

MRS. T. Go to thy sister, child, she'll be proud thy ladyship will come under her roof. She'll win thy father to release thy knight, and redeem thy gowns, and thy coach, and thy horses, and set thee up again.

GIR. But will she get him to set up my knight too?

MRS. T. That she will, or any thing else thou'lt ask her.

GIR. I will begin to love her, if I thought she would do this.

MRS. T. Try her, good chuck, I warrant thee.

Thus importuned, she agrees to wait upon her sister; and Goulding, won over by their entreaties, and by assurance of the hearty repentance of the offenders, entreats his father-in-law to forego their prosecution. For a long time Touchstone refuses to do so, but at length he is inveigled into going to the prison, where he is so entirely convinced of their true repentance, that he gives his consent, and the play thus ends happily.

We have in our extracts endeavoured to give fair specimens of the comic style in which character is developed in this interesting drama. Would our limits allow, we could multiply quotations, but we forbear. The play is unquestionably a very superior one, and richly merits an attentive study and perusal. Would modern dramatists approach more nearly to so excellent a specimen, the stage would at the present day, we are confident, be more worthy of praise and support.

GENERAL REVIEW.

The History of the Reign of Henry the Eighth: comprising the Political History of the Commencement of the English Reformation. By Sharon Turner, F.S.A. and R.A.S.L. Longman, 4to. pp. 694. 1826.

MR. SHARON TURNER is well known to the public as the author of a "History of the Anglo-Saxons," and, subsequently, of a "History of England during the Middle Ages, extending from the Norman Conquest, to the Death of Henry VII." The present volume is a continuation of these histories, and includes the reign of Henry VIII., perhaps the most important and the most difficult to treat of in all English history. The late disputes between Mr. Southey and Mr. Butler have drawn the public attention to many circumstances in this reign which the general reader had long forgotten; and, it would appear from Mr. Turner's preface, that his present volume owes its origin to those disputes. Mr. Southey submitted to Mr. Turner some questions, which he was unable to answer to his own satisfaction, and being unwilling to remain in an ignorance of which he felt ashamed, he returned to the forsaken paths of his former investigations, and the volume now under our notice is the result.

Mr. Turner is distinguished, as an historian, by patient and indefatigable research amongst original authorities and neglected documents; many of which he has drawn from the obscurity in which they lay in our public libraries. His History of the Anglo-Saxons is particularly valuable on this account. The manuscripts, upon which it is for the most part founded, belong to an age far removed from the consideration of common readers; and oppose to the enquirer difficulties, in their character and style, which require an excess of patience and diligence to overcome. The praise of having conquered all these difficulties, certainly belongs to Mr. Turner; and if we consider the circumstances of his life--the ill health under which, we regret to learn, he has laboured for many years; his attention to the profession of an attorney, and the education of his children, which, we believe, he has solely conducted—it is apparent that he must be more than an ordinary man. The natural equality of the minds of men seems to be a favorite opinion with him, but he himself is a living instance of its fallacy; very few men, if placed in his situation, could have achieved what he has done. But whilst we yield him these just praises, we cannot close our eyes against the demerits of his works. These consist, chiefly, in the want of method and judgment, and the adoption of a style of writing excessively, and often ridiculously, florid; adorning common-place thoughts with a tinsel splendour, and striving to render every-day occurrences important, by surrounding them with all the glitter of expression. These faults unfortunately predominate in the work before us. Nothing can be worse than the

comparison which is, in one place, drawn between Cardinal Wolsey and the Almighty, or the laboured description of Hope, which is introduced into the account of the imprisonment of Francis I. The one might have done well in a sermon, and the other in an essay, but they are both clearly misplaced in a History of England. Want of judgment is strangely apparent in the minute attention he has paid to the continental wars, which took place in the early part of Henry's reign, and in which England was but little interested; whilst the latter part of his reign, from the divorce of Catherine, in which time are comprehended events of the very highest importance to the character of England, and which continue to produce effects even at the present day, are lightly passed over as matters of no moment. Hundreds of pages are dedicated to the quarrels between Charles and Francis, the revolt of Bourbon and the invasion of Italy, whilst the existence of the future Queen Elizabeth can only be inferred from a note; the suppression of the monasteries, the progress of the reformation, the executions of prelates, peers, and queens, are merely glanced at; and a variety of the most important occurrences affecting England, and England alone, passed over without any notice at all. Want of method, also, is strikingly apparent in the unsatisfactory manner in which the proceedings in the divorce cause between Henry and Catherine are related, and in the account which he gives of the origin, in Henry's mind, of the idea of that divorce.

Mr. Turner's book is, in truth, very improperly designated a History of England; it is very little more than an endeavour to establish two propositions, first, that Sir Thomas More, Bishop Fisher, and the various other persons who were executed in Henry's reign, upon account of their religion, as is usually supposed, did not, in fact, suffer upon any such account, but were executed because they were guilty of high treason. Mr. Turner's second proposition is, that Henry VIII. was not the tyrannical Blue Beard that we have hitherto been accustomed to consider him.

After carefully perusing all that Mr. Turner has advanced, we are of opinion, that neither of these propositions has been established. As to the first, it is true, that many persons were executed by Henry VIII., for what was then termed treason; but what did this arbitrary monarch procure to be enacted treason?—It was treason to entertain those religious opinions, which Henry deserted for the sake of interest, or to gratify his lust; and it was for this new-fangled, religious treason, that the unfortunate More and others suffered. Mr. Turner may call this being executed for treason, but we still say, they suffered upon account of their religion, and not for treason, as that word is now understood.

In considering the personal character of Henry, Mr. Turner labors principally to establish two points: first, that the idea of the divorce from Catherine was instilled into his mind by Wolsey; and secondly, that little blame attaches to him in the case of Anne Boleyn. Throughout his work, Mr. Turner shows a determined hostility to Wolsey; with a facility in calling names, which is quite

amusing, he terms him "an egotist, an actor, an hypocrite, a trickster, a tyrant, an ambi-dexter, a coxcomb, and a pantomimical puppet," and endeavours to shew, that all Henry's faults originated in him. It is peculiarly unfortunate for this opinion, that until after the disgrace of Wolsey, Henry conducted himself so well, that according to Mr. Turner, if he had died then, "no king, since Alfred the Great, would have descended to his tomb with such lavish encomiums and universal admiration from the literature of that period." "It was only in the latter ten years, from the 45th to the 55th year of his life," says Mr. Turner, "that the darker and censurable feelings and actions appeared which have attached to his memory its proverbial reproaches." If this be true, it would appear, that whatever the personal character of Wolsey might be, his influence with Henry had not produced any other than a beneficial effect. But Mr. Turner cannot make up his mind to give Wolsey one iota of praise; and if there be any thing disreputable in the conduct of his favorite Henry, it is indiscriminately imputed to his minister.

"If," he says, "the measures to which he led his royal master be considered only in their individual detail, they bear the features of being subtle, inconsistent, entangling, deceptious, interested, and insincere, and some of his negotiations deserve the worst of these epithets. He was certainly a double dealer, and neither understood the value of good faith, frankness, honor, probity, and undisguising intrepidity, nor could make them the foundation nor the instruments of his policy. He frequently preferred the wily, the intricate, the secret, the insidious, the selfish, the mysterious, and the contradictory."

Such excess of censure loses its effect; and it is very clear that if the measures into which the royal master was led, were of the character here described, he does not deserve the Alfred-like reputation which Mr. Turner assigns to him for his conduct during the period referred to. No one but a fool or an accomplice could have borne a part in measures which were "inconsistent, interested, and insincere." Mr. Turner appears to us to be equally unfortunate in his endeavour to trace to Wolsey the first notion of the divorce from Catherine. The statement is altogether a very confused one; but they who take the trouble to investigate it, will find that the first mention of the divorce was in April, 1527, and Mr. Turner himself shews, that Henry was in love with Anne Boleyn *early in that same year*. Which is more likely; that Wolsey, to gratify his resentment against the emperor, determined, in April, 1527, to divorce his aunt, and that *very opportunely*, at that same time, Henry fell in love with Anne Boleyn; or that Henry, having once entertained his guilty passion, then first stirred up Wolsey to prosecute the means whereby he might gratify it?

In considering the conduct of Henry towards Anne Boleyn, Mr. Turner has, in our view of the matter, treated him far too leniently. The same lust which induced him to prosecute his divorce from Catherine, operated to dethrone her successor. The accusations against her, are too monstrous for belief. Can it be believed, that she, who for six years withstood all Henry's solicitations, could so

soon afterwards fall off in the way supposed? If her guilt had been clear, would this nice and tender husband have delayed the execution of the order of Privy Council, whereby she was arrested *for a whole week* after his dishonor had been rendered manifest? or, is it no argument in favor of the innocence of the unfortunate Anne, that previous to her accusation, Henry had become attached to Jane Seymour—that Anne Boleyn had rated him upon his attachment, and that they were actually married on the day after Anne's execution? Any one who could thus conduct himself, must have had the feelings of a lascivious beast, rather than those of a man, and it is fair to presume almost any thing against him.

Upon the whole, the character of Henry is in our opinion placed far too high—there are stains upon his character which no ingenuity can hide—stains of too deep a dye to be viewed with any feeling, save disgust. Altogether, the book is extremely unsatisfactory; but there are some parts of it deserving attention. The best chapters in it are those relating to the revolt of Bourbon, the particulars of which are related with a minuteness, singularly disproportionate to the flimsy manner in which more important affairs are treated of. The following circumstance has been, we believe, as Mr. Turner remarks, quite unnoticed by other historians.

It appears Bourbon was "urgent that Henry should invade France immediately. He publicly declared to the ambassador, 'that if the king would personally, without delay, enter into France, he will give his grace leave to pluck out both his eyes, if he be not lord of Paris before Allhallow tide; and Paris taken, all the realm of France is his.' No words could be more emphatic, but they were repeated to a prime-minister's ear that was determined to be deaf, yet whose secret meaning was read by men like himself."

"Bourbon urged the English ambassador to press again this essential measure. Pace faithfully reported his representations, assured Wolsey of the coinciding feelings of all the army, and expressed strongly his own assimilating sentiments. He even poured out his own feelings so freely as to write, 'Sir! to speak to you boldly, if ye do not regard the premises, I will impute to your grace the loss of the crown of France!' a sentence that stung too deeply to be forgotten or forgiven. Wolsey immediately returned a rebuke for its impeaching implication, and afterwards persecuted Pace till he became a beggar and a lunatic. While these urgent solicitations for an effectual co-operation were made to the cardinal, he as strenuously instructed the ambassador to obtain from the duke his oaths of homage and fealty to Henry, intimating that it would be the condition of an English invasion, probably from the belief or hope that Bourbon would not give it at the outset of his expedition; for a direction is expressed to Pace what he should do in case it should be refused. Pace applied to the duke in obedience to these orders, who, with some uneasiness, referred him to the imperial minister, de Beaurain. This gentleman at once avowed two causes of hesitation; a suspicion that Wolsey was carrying on a secret correspondence with France, and a certainty that it would offend the Pope. Bourbon at last assented to it, if it was awhile delayed, and privately given; and intimated, that if known, it might cause many of his friends in France to forsake him, as they desired him 'to take the crown of France to himself.' Nine days afterwards, the duke, with the approbation of the emperor, professed his willingness to take the oath desired; but objected to the homage, as inconsistent with his own free and sovereign tenure of the duchy that was to be retained by himself. Pace pressed him not to withhold this; but as Bourbon was firm on this point, it was given up, and the duke took the oath required in the presence of the viceroy and Beaurain. The ambassador stated this important fact to his government, with his strongest assurances of the duke's probity and sincerity, and with a belief that he had no intention to seek the French crown for himself. He advised that Henry should at least go personally to Calais, as the rumour of his being there, although without an army, would 'put the enemy in great fear, and the duke of Bourbon in high comfort.'"

We are sorry we cannot speak more highly of this bulky volume. Mr. Turner is a writer we highly respect, but in the present instance, justice will not permit us to yield him any praise, at all commensurate with that we would have gladly given to some of his former productions.

Foscari, a Tragedy, by Mary Russell Mitford. London: Whittaker. 8vo. pp. 78. 1826.

THIS tragedy has two distinct plots; one, the endeavour to unseat the Doge, and the other the accusation of murder, which is brought against the younger Foscari. Of the manner in which Mrs. Mitford has treated the first of these, we would speak in terms of unqualified approbation; the whole of the two acts through which it runs, are admirable, the language is strong, nervous, and poetical, and there much dramatic tact is displayed in the arrangement; but we cannot yield the same praise to the remainder of the play. The character of Erizzo is horribly unnatural; the second plot is essentially bad and confused, and if properly considered, there is not even a plausible reason for the conviction of Foscari. The cup of horrors is filled to an overflow, and distress is heaped upon distress, until the effect is entirely lost. The truth of history is widely and needlessly departed from. What reason, for instance, could there be for the gratuitous killing of Foscari? The tragedy would have ended much better without it. The bringing in of the dead body in act 4, is extremely injudicious; and the dance in the third act might well be omitted. The whole region of circumstantial evidence, and such blood-thirsty gentlemen as Erizzo, ought to be consigned to melo-drame, where both are extremely useful; neither of them suits the dignity, or the propriety, of tragedy. Nature is the proper study of a tragedian, and certainly human nature never exhibited a being of such unmixed evil as Erizzo. The man never lived, who for any cause performed such demon-like actions, without one compunctious visiting of conscience. We do not think the tragedy can last long upon the stage; but its success sufficiently shows, that a good play will succeed; and disproves the cant which we hear continually about the public distaste for the regular drama.

Regarded as a poem, *Foscari* certainly deserves great praise. The story of the Kite in the first act; the Doge's answer to Erizzo, and indeed the whole of the senate scene in the second act; Erizzo's statement of the murder; Camilla's appeal to the Doge; the defence of Foscari; and the passing of the sentence in the fourth act, and some passages in the parting scene in act 5, all these do Miss Mitford an infinite deal of credit. There is in all of them a freedom, a vigour, a boldness of thought, and an ease of expression, which cannot be equalled in any play lately produced upon the stage. There are, indeed, several prettinesses which might be well struck out; but as a whole, the play is extremely well written. We shall make one extract in proof of our assertions.

DOGE. "Hast thou said all?
 That I am old, and that I love the people?
 Are these my crimes? Oh, I am doubly guilty!
 I love them all, even ye that love me not!
 I cannot choose but love ye, for ye are
 Venetians, quick and proud, and sparkling eyed
 Venetians, brave and free. Ye are the Lords
 Of the bright sea-built city, beautiful
 As storied Athens; or the gorgeous pride
 Of Rome, eternal Rome; greater than kings
 Are ye Venetian nobles---ye are free;
 And that is greatness and nobility,
 The source and end of power. That I have made
 Liberty common as the common air,
 The sun light, or the rippling waves that wash
 Our walls; that every citizen hath been
 Free as a Senator; that I have ruled
 In our fair Venice, as a father rules
 In his dear household, nothing intermitting
 Of needful discipline, but quenching fear
 In an indulgent kindness; these ye call
 My crimes. They are my boasts. Yes, I do love
 The honest artizans: there's not a face
 That smiles up at me with a kindly eye,
 But sends a warmth into my heart, a glow
 Of buoyant youthfulness. Age doth not freeze
 Our human sympathies; the sap fails not,
 Although the trunk be rugged. Age can feel,
 And think, and act. Oh! noble Senators.
 Ye do mistake my crime. I am too young,
 I am not like to die; and they who wait
 Wax weary for my seat. I do not dote
 My Lord Erizzo."

The Heart, and other Poems, by Percy Rolle. London: Westley and Davies. 1826. pp. 128. 12mo.

THERE are many faults, and many beauties, in this little volume. The faults are those of youth and inexperience, want of judgment and study; but the writer has evidently some of the true poetical inspiration, and may hereafter produce verses far more worthy of public attention. The following are extracts from an Ode to Death, which appears to us the best poem in the book:

"Great leveller---pale shadowy reaper, Death!
 Thou that dost dash the hue from valour's cheek!
 Thou that dost rob of their brief gift of breath
 All creatures that have life---the strong---the weak!
 Thou stalkest through this earth a thing unseen;
 Giant invisible! and thy silent tread
 Wakes not a sound, to make thy coming known;
 But where thy steps *have been*,
 Appears by wrinkled forms whence life hath fled,
 And youth and flourishing beauty overthrown!
 "Why shrink we from thy sceptre, gloomy king?
 There was a time we were not; can it be
 That dread again to be not, is the thing
 That makes us shudder to depart with thee?"

No---but an undefined presage of ill,
 That haunts us like the baseless thoughts that course
 Across our fancy in a troubled dream;
 'Tis Conscience whispering still
 ETERNITY! and with resistless force
 Darkening hope's flickering beam!"

This is well expressed, and although the thoughts are not very novel, there is a force and beauty in the manner in which they are brought before us, that render them very impressive.

The volume is most ridiculously printed. It might have been comprised in less than half the space; page 28 contains nineteen words, and page 29, thirty-five! This is book-making with a vengeance.

Commentaire Littéraire, et elite de Faits memorables et d'Anecdotes instructives, par M. D'Emden. London: Dulau and Co. 1826.

THIS book is after the manner of Mr. Wanostrocht's *Fables Choiesies*; but the great difference is, that the difficult words which occur in the selected passages, are not translated for the learner into English, as in Mr. Wanostrocht's book, but are explained by synonymous French words. For our part, we prefer M. D'Emden's mode, it conduces to a more perfect knowledge of the language, and does not encourage idleness. The selection appears to have been made judiciously.

Honor O'Hara, a Novel, by Miss A. M. Porter. London: Longman, 3 vols.

THIS is not a good novel. There is throughout a want of interest, a want of nature, and a want of incident. It might have succeeded fifty years ago, but the Author of *Waverley* has revolutionized the realm of novel writers, has effected an alteration in public taste, and beggared half the Matildas, Lauras, and Claras, who used to be tolerated. In the three volumes of *Honor O'Hara*, there is very little story. The heroine, after flirting with two lovers, has an offer from one of them, whom she refuses, because *she* is poor. She afterwards becomes wiser, repents, and saves the unhappy gentleman from a broken heart, by the acceptance of his hand. This is the outline of the principal story. But Miss Porter is a friend to matrimony: the whole talk and object, end and aim, of almost all the persons who are introduced, is nothing but matrimony; and instead of being satisfied with linking a hero and a heroine after the common fashion, she winds up her story with, we are not sure, either five or six weddings. The only character at all approaching to nature is Hetty Macready, an Irish servant, and we see very little of her; but in our judgment, the little Hetty speaks, more nearly approaches to truth than all the fine speeches of the fine lords and ladies, who bestow all their tediousness upon Miss Porter's readers.

The preface informs us, that this is an attempt in a style hitherto untried by the authoress; we would honestly advise her not to make such another trial.

*The Forget Me Not. The Literary Souvenir. The Amulet.
Friendship's Offering.* London: 1826.

THESE beautiful little volumes support the high character they obtained last year. The *Forget Me Not*, edited by Mr. Shoberl, and the *Literary Souvenir*, edited by Mr. Alaric A. Watts, are certainly the best; and in beauty of execution, and the literary value of the contents, far surpass the numbers which have preceded them. For our own parts, we prefer the *Forget Me Not*, but many persons seem to think the *Literary Souvenir* surpasses it; both are extremely beautiful, and the compositions in both are by well known literary characters, amongst whom we may name, Washington Irving, Mr. Bowles, Mr. Hemans, Miss Mitford, Mr. Croly, B. Barton, Mr. Dale, L. E. L. &c. It is impossible within our narrow limits to find room either for long extracts or detailed criticism; the merit, it is obvious, must be various; some pieces are extremely beautiful, others of little value, but all breathe a spirit of kindness and affection, admirably suited to such works. The following is an extract from a poem by L. E. L. in the *Forget Me Not*, and in our opinion is superior to most of that young lady's productions; there is a beauty and truth in the description which deserve great praise.

Hark! the hunters' shouts declare
They have found the red deer's lair:
Rising from his fragrant sleep,
Where a thousand wild flowers creep,
With one sudden desperate spring
Rushes forth the forest-king,
Like the lightning from the sky,
Like the wind, when winds are high.
Far, ere yet the train were near,
Dashed away the noble deer,
As rejoicing in the speed
Which might mock the Arab steed.
As he pass'd the forest green,
Well his pathway might be seen;
Many a heavy oaken bough
Bent before his antler'd brow;
Shout and horn rung through the wood---
Paused he not beside the flood:
Foam and flake shone on its blue,
As the gallant stag dash'd through.
Long or ever mid-day came,
Wearied stopt each lovely dame,
In some green tree's shade content
But to hear the day's event.

Still the stag held on his way,
Careless through what toils it lay,

Down deep in the tangled dell,
Or o'er the steep rock's pinnacle;
Stanch the steed, and bold the knight,
That would follow such a flight.
Of the morning's gallant train
Few are those who now remain.
Wearily the brave stag drew
His deep breath, as on he flew;
Heavily his glazed eye
Seems to seek somewhere to die;
All his failing strength is spent---
Now to gain one steep ascent!
Up he toils---the height is won---
'Tis the sea he looks upon.
Yet upon the breeze are borne
Coming sounds of shout and horn;
The hunters gain the rock's steep crest---
Starts he from his moment's rest,
Proudly shakes his antler'd head,
As though his defiance said,
'Come! but your triumph shall be vain!
The proud stag plunges in the main,
Seeks and finds beneath the wave
Safety, freedom, and a grave.

L. E. L.

The graphic illustrations in all of them are most admirable. The Dungeons of Chillon, and the Cliffs of Dover, in the *Forget Me Not*; the meeting of Alexander and Diogenes, which is in the *Literary Souvenir*, and also in *Friendship's Offering*; the precipice in *Friendship's Offering*, the Florentine Girl and Auld Robin Gray, in the *Literary Souvenir*, are all extremely beautiful, and do the very highest credit to the engravers.

MONTHLY REGISTER.

THE DRAMA.—No. II.

"Be just to all, nor give, with partial hand,
To favor that which merit should command."

PHOCYLIDES.

COVENT GARDEN.

On Thursday, October 26.—Mr. G. Penson made his first appearance here in the character of Figaro; and justice compels the admission, that a more successful debut we never witnessed. His performance was lively, bustling, neat, and indeed every way excellent. His figure is good, his singing admirable, and his manner perfectly easy and confident.

Tuesday, October 31.—A new farce, called *Returned Killed*, by Mr. Planché, was produced this evening, and met with unqualified success. It is taken from a French piece, entitled, *Le Mort dans l'Embarras*. Incident after incident succeeds with great rapidity; and laughter and curiosity are at once kept alive, even till the very termination. Mr. Farren's Baron Von Lindorf merits high encomium. A more spirited and effective portraiture of character has rarely gratified an audience. Mr. Blanchard, with a very indifferent opportunity, was highly amusing. His talent is the true philosopher's stone, and lead itself becomes gold beneath his touch. There is much arch drollery in his manner, but untintured with that buffoonery which actors sometimes mistake for humor.

Saturday, November 4.—First time of Miss Mitford's *Foscari*. The passions are the legitimate subject of tragedy; they soar high, and they plunge deep; irregular in their motions, they whirl us where they will, and we can no more calculate to what end they may lead, than we can measure the unfathomable deep. In all our tragic writers, at least of modern days, we have had no display of such passion. Affected sentiment, or feverish rage, unbounded violence, or spurious feeling, holds undivided sway. Modern dramatists write too much for actors; and with them, works written expressly to suit their peculiar powers must of course decline; but the practice ensures immediate profit and popularity, and these are considered more valuable than the applause of posterity. A better dawn, however, has we hope just arisen on theatrical composition. The fair authoress of *Foscari* has caught a light from the times gone by, and has infused into her production more genuine passion, more high-toned virtue, more of the lofty grandeur in which suffering should be clothed to make a levelling world respect and not revile it, than are to be found in any tragedy produced within our recollection. Miss Mitford seems to have been aware how little the "*beauties*" of poetry are relished upon the stage, and has accordingly been sparing in the use of them, but the play is nevertheless powerfully written, well conducted, and deeply affecting. The part of the Doge was admirably sustained by Mr. Young. Little extent or variety of powers can be called forth in the performance of this character. It requires, however, much delicacy of feeling, and the rare faculty of expressing simple pathos. Mr. Young's acting was the perfection of truth and nature. There were no tricks, no sudden flourishes of the hand, no ups and downs of the voice, to cheat a few "barren spectators" into plaudits; the whole effect was produced by quiet action, and the most perfect intonations ever heard on the stage.

Mr. Kemble's *Francesco Foscari* was a master-piece of excellence. Seldom have we seen acting so correct, and at the same time so full of fire: the spirit of ancient chivalry seems in him to have awakened from the grave of centuries.

Mr. Serle's *Cosmo* was, on the whole, a respectable performance; but by no means what it ought to be. His recitation is in parts effective, but it wants the finer intonations, the delicate light and shade of expression, which relieve declamation from inexorable monotony.

Mr. Warde's *Count Erizzo* was correct and forcible. This gentleman seems to study carefully whatever he plays; and though he may not astonish his audience with the powers of great genius, yet is always sensible and strong.

Mrs. Sloman was a most efficient representative of the fond and faithful *Camilla*. The powers of this lady may be summed up in the words sensibility and taste: she has no pedantry, no unnatural effort, no mock majesty. In the expression of joy and sorrow, of unbounded confidence and patient endurance, of tender fondness and cheerful self-devotion, she is decidedly superior to any actress now on the stage.

DRURY LANE.

Tuesday, October 31.---A new comic opera, entitled *The Two Houses of Grenada*, was performed for the first time this evening. Its chief defect is want of plot, uncomperated by any novelty of character, effect of incident, or interest of situation. The music, however, bore it triumphantly through the depressing tendency of a good deal of vapid, tedious, and flippant writing. It may claim the merit of introducing to the public a very accomplished singer in the person of Mrs. Geesin, late Miss R. Corri. Her voice is rich, mellow, and powerful; and her execution chaste, brilliant, and unaffected. As an actress, she is by no means entitled to an equal share of panegyric.---Miss Graddon did most ample justice to the music assigned to Donna Maria. She sang a lively little ballad, not inaptly styled by a brother critic, the *Three Ages of Cupid*, with so much archness and simplicity that it was rapturously called for a third time.

Friday, November 10.---A production more disgraceful to a great theatre than the *Trip to Wales*, performed for the first time this evening, is probably not to be paralleled in all the annals of the stage. The actors, having no materials to work upon, were dismally dull; and, after two nights of degradation, they were released from their fatigues, by the extinction of this farrago of folly.

Saturday, November 18.---*Amphitryon*, altered and abridged from Dryden and Moliere, was revived this evening for the purpose of introducing to the English public Mon. La Porte, in the character of Sosia. M. La Porte is a comedian of the very first talents. His performance was irresistibly droll, natural, and easy—undisfigured by either grimace or mummery. In his under-acting, in which the knowledge of a character is perhaps as decidedly expressed as in the direct performance, M. La Porte is peculiarly happy.

The play itself is a dull, tedious, and not very chaste production; and will, after a few nights, relapse into the oblivion from which we think it has been so injudiciously dragged forth. It has some scenes that may be omitted, and some that may be advantageously curtailed. It was this evening nearly one hour too long. When we say that it barely escaped damnation, we say as much as truth will allow. W.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Dramatic Memoirs and Reminiscences are all the fashion: amongst them, Thomas Dibdin's Memoirs are announced.

Considerable expectation has been raised by the preliminary puffing of a novel called "*Almack's*," said to be from the pen of a lady of high rank.

The author of "*The English in Italy*," has a work in the press to be called "*Tales of Continental Life*,"

The "*Chronicles of London Bridge*," which have been so long in preparation, are now announced to be published in the course of next month.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

The present month has been distinguished by the opening of a new Parliament, which took place on the 14th inst., the Speech being delivered by His Majesty. The Commons had previously chosen for their Speaker, Mr. Manners Sutton, who filled that office in three preceding Parliaments. The King's Speech was as follows:

"My Lords, and Gentlemen,---I have called you together at this time for the special purpose of communicating to you the measure which I judged it necessary to take, in the month of September, for admission into the Ports of the United Kingdom of certain sorts of Foreign Grain, not then admissible by law.

"I have directed a Copy of the Order in Council issued on that occasion to be laid before you, and I confidently trust that you will see sufficient reason for giving your sanction to the provisions of that order, and for carrying them into effectual execution.

"I have great satisfaction in being able to inform you, that the hopes entertained at the close of the last Session of Parliament, respecting the termination of the War in the Burmese Territories, have been fulfilled, and that a peace has been concluded in that quarter, highly honorable to the British Arms, and to the Councils of the British Government in India.

"I continue to receive from all Foreign Powers assurances of their earnest desire to cultivate the relations of peace and friendly understanding with me.

"I am exerting myself with unremitting anxiety, either singly or in conjunction with my Allies, as well to arrest the progress of existing hostilities, as to prevent the interruption of peace in different part of the world.

"Gentlemen of the House of Commons,---I have directed the estimates for the ensuing year to be prepared, and they will in due time be laid before you.

"I will take care that they shall be formed with as much attention to economy as the exigencies of the public service will permit.

"The distress which has pervaded the commercial and manufacturing classes of my subjects, during the last twelve months, has affected some important branches of the Revenue; but I have the satisfaction of informing you, that there has been no such diminution in the internal consumption of the country, as to excite any apprehensions that the great sources of our wealth and prosperity have been impaired.

"My Lords, and Gentlemen,---I have deeply sympathized with the sufferings which have been for some time past so severely felt in the manufacturing districts of this country; and I have contemplated with great satisfaction the exemplary patience with which those sufferings have been generally borne.

"The depression under which the trade and manufactures of the country have been labouring, has abated more slowly than I had thought myself warranted in anticipating; but I retain a firm expectation that this abatement will be progressive, and that the time is not distant when, under the blessing of Divine Providence, the commerce and industry of the United Kingdom will have resumed their wonted activity."

His Majesty appeared in good health. We rejoice also to announce, that H. R. H. the Duke of York has almost entirely recovered from his late severe illness.

BIRTHS.

Oct. 22: at the Chateau de l'Inqueterie, near Bologne, the lady of T. C. Grattan, of a daughter; at Cheltenham, the lady of the Rev. P. E. Boissier, of a son; at Clay Hill Lodge, Enfield, Mrs. Short, of a daughter; at his seat, Stanley Hall, Shropshire, the lady of Sir Tyrwhitt Jones, Bart. of a son; at the Rectory, Weldon, Northamptonshire, the Lady Louisa Finch Hatton, of a son; at Hampstead, the lady of Chas. Holford, Esq. of a daughter.---23: at Sandgate, Kent, the lady of the Rev. Henry Pepys, of a son.---24: at Brighton, the lady of G. C. Holroyd, Esq. of the Hon. East India Company's Service, of a still born child; the lady of James R. Maude, Esq. of a son.---25: at the Rectory, Stanstead, Suffolk, the lady of the Rev. S. Sheen, of a son and heir.---26: at Brounslade, Pembrokeshire, the lady of John Mirehouse, Esq. of a son; at Dundee, the lady of Lieut. Col. Wm. Chalmer, of Glenrieht, of a son.---28: the lady of William Kerril Amherst, Esq. of a daughter.---29: at Upper Seymour-street, the lady of Capt. the Hon. R. Fulke Greville of a son and heir; the lady of S. T. Kekewick, Esq. M.P. of a daughter.---31: Mrs. G. A. Brown, of York-gate, Regent's Park, of a daughter; The lady of Sir Charles Sullivan, Bart. of a son, at Woodbines, Kingston; at Fulham, Mrs. Barker, wife of J. Barker, Esq. of a daughter; the lady of Sir Christopher Smith, Bart. of a son.

Nov. 2: Mrs. Henry Dance, of Fenterden-street, of a daughter.---4: at Sheffield, the lady of Rev. Steven H. Langton of a son.---5: in Montague-street, Portman-square, the lady of H. Currie, Esq. of a daughter; at Clapham Common, Mrs. J. A. Irving of a son; at Lee, Blackheath, the lady of Hon. W. Cust, of a daughter.---6: at Denne Park, the lady of Edward Bligh, Esq. of a daughter.---7: Mrs. W. J. Ready of a son.---9: in York-street, Portman-square, the lady of Chevalier Brennot, of a daughter.---10: in Tavistock-square Mrs. John Jones of a son.---12: at Chiswick, the lady of Lieut. Col. Cavendish of a daughter.---13: Mrs. Fitzwilliam of a daughter; in Bedford-place, the lady of J. A. F. Simpkinson Esq. of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

Oct. 19: at Beverly, Yorkshire, Fredric Mainwaring, Nephew, and Aid-de-camp to Major-General Mainwaring, Governor of St. Lucia, to Catherine, second daughter of the late Colonel S. T. Popham.---23: at Alderly, Cheshire, Captain William Edward Parry, R. N. to Isabella Louisa, fourth daughter of Sir Thomas Stanley, Bart.---24: at Deptford, Wm. Wright Landell, Esq. of St. John's, Southwark, to Charlotte, third daughter of Nicholas Cheminant, Esq.---24: John Lloyd, Esq. of Alltye Odin, Cardiganshire, to Dorothy Alicia, second daughter of the late George Seymer, Esq. of the County of Dorset.---28: William Elliot Oliver, Esq. of Tudor-street, New Bridge-street, to Elizabeth, second daughter of Thos. Gadell, Esq. of Upper Charlotte-street, Fitzroy-square; Mr. H. Dixon, of Carey-street, to Frances, youngest daughter of George Mansell, Esq. of Cumming-street, Pentonville.---30: at Camberwell, Thomas Griffith, Esq. to Jemima Sarah, second daughter of the late George Thompson, Esq. of Rye, Sussex.

Nov. 2: at Eltham, John Henry Latham, Esq. second son of Samuel Latham, Esq. of Dover, to Mary Sophia, youngest daughter of the late Philip Dauncey, Esq.; the Rev. W. I. S. Casborne, of Pakenham, Suffolk, to Anne, daughter of the late Capel Lofft,

Esq. of Troston Hall, in the same county; at Beanston, Capt. Macdonald, Royal Engineers, to Ramsey, daughter of the Hon. Wm. Maule, of Paumure, M.P.---5; at Bath, Captain R. S. Kindly, to Miss N. Childs, daughter of Mr. John Childs, R.N. of Penzance.---6: at Claborough, near East Retford, a person of the name of Lumby, who has been twice married before, and who is in the 84th year of his age, to a buxom young damsel of 18.---8: at St. John's, Hackney, Samuel S. Whyte, Esq., to Mary Ann, second daughter of Joseph Callow, Esq. of Little Torrington, Devon, eldest son of E. A. Whyte, of London.---10: at St. George's Church, Hanover-square, the Rev. Wm. Stenner, A. B. of Ingoldsthorpe, in the County of Norfolk, second son of Sir William Stenner, of Dublin, Bart. to Ann Margaret, second daughter of the late Colonel Lock, of the Hon. East India Company's Service.---13: at St. John's, Hackney, John Watley, M. D. son of the Rev. G. K. Whatley, Hone's-green, Workingham, Berks, to Anne, daughter of J. T. Rutt, Esq. of Clapton.---14: at Newent, Gloucestershire, the Rev. Leonard Strong of Brampton Abbots, to Frances, youngest daughter of George Reed, Esq. of New Court, Newent, and Dockfour, Demerara.---17: the Rev. Robert Downs, A. M. Vicar of Leamington, to Philadelphia, youngest daughter of the late J. T. H. Hopper, Esq. of Witton Castle, Durham.

DEATHS.

1825, Dec. 28: at Patanagoh, in the Burmese Empire, of cholera morbus, Lieut. Charles O'Neil, of His Majesty's 25th regiment, aged 29.---1826, May 3, in the East Indies, aged 58, Henry Oakeley, Esq. Judge in the district of Mourshadabad, Bengal, and second son of the late Sir Chas. Oakeley, Bart.

Oct. 22: Mrs. Mellish, at her house at Hampstead; at Millard's Hill, near Frome, in her 76th year, after a very short illness, deeply lamented by all who knew her worth, Mrs. Hare, relict of the late Rev. R. Hare, Prebendary of Winchester; in Upper Seymour-street West, Ann, fourth daughter of Major Philip Stewart, aged 16 years.---23: Deborah, only daughter and heiress of Thomas Bostock, Esq. of Macefen, in the County of Chester. (This young lady's death was occasioned by her having taken an ounce of oxinuriate of mercury, sent in mistake for Epsom salts. She lingered eight days, when mortification ensued, and death put a period to her sufferings.) At Bury, in her 83d year, Mrs. Vernon, relict of Henry Vernon, Esq. late of Great Thurlow, and sister to Sir Thomas Grey Cullum, Bart.---at Norton, near Shemem, at a very advanced age, Mrs. Hall, mother of F. Chantrey, Esq. R. A.---27: John Emyton, Esq. of Beaufront, Northumberland, aged 88.---28: Mrs. Horne, relict of Dr. Horne of Chiswick.---30: at Rolleston Hall, Staffordshire, Elizabeth Goodman Every, eldest daughter of the late, and sister of the present, Sir H. Every, of Egginton, Bart; at his house, Lewisham, Kent, G. Bryant, Esq. aged 45.

Nov. 2: John Windus, Esq. of Chancery-lane, aged 85.---5: long known, and deservedly esteemed in the medical world, at Ilfracombe, Devonshire, Jesse Foot, Esq. He had reached his 83d year, and retained his faculties and good humour to the last. About four days ago, he fixed his residence at Ilfracombe. He was followed to the grave by his nephew, and many of the respectable inhabitants of the town and its neighbourhood.---6: Sarah, wife of William Parr Isaacson, Esq. of Newmarket.---9: at his house, 163, Bishopsgate-street, of the effects of a fall down stairs, eleven months ago, Peter Augustus Maceroni, Esq. aged 76. Mr. Maceroni was the only remaining son of a distinguished nobleman of Rome, who was ruined by a twenty-two years' lawsuit with Pope Pius VI.: after which catastrophe, with several of his brothers, he entered the French army, and served with distinction, during the period of the American war, in which one of his brothers was killed. He subsequently settled in England, and for many years to the time of his death, was a partner in the house of Janus Vere, Nephew, and Co. Italian silk merchants.---10: after a retirement of thirty years from a continued mental affliction, aged 57, Elizabeth, wife of Joseph Whatley, Esq. of Hull street, Berkeley-square.---11: at Woolwich, Mrs Robinson, aged 75.---12: at Kineton, Warwickshire, Miss M. A. Taylor, of Richmond, Surrey; at Horsleydown, Mr. Saml. Hollingsworth, aged 84; Captain Hanwell, of the Hudson's Bay Company's Service, in the 76th year of his age; at Wokefield Park, near Reading, the seat of Bernard Brocas, Esq. his youngest brother, Fredrick Brocas, Esq. in the 19th year of his age, most deeply lamented by his family and friends.---13: at Hammersmith, in the 67th year of his age, the Rev. Thomas Stephen Atwood, M.A. Rector of Buckwith and Morborne, in the County of Huntingdon, and upwards of 38 years Minister of the Hamlet of Hammersmith; after a lingering illness, Margaret, the wife of the Rev. Dr. Sampson, of Petersham, Surrey.